

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,066 Vol. 118.

1 August 1914.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

## CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK	PAGE	CORRESPONDENCE:	PAGE	REVIEWS:	PAGE
<b>LEADING ARTICLES:</b>		Lord Roberts and the Nation . . .	142	The Poetry of the Sea . . .	145
Great Britain and the War . . .	132	Food Supply in War (H. R. Gawen Gogay) . . .	142	The Political Philosopher . . .	146
The United Front . . .	133	Shakespeare Himself (E. R. Thompson) . . .	142	Persia to Regent Street . . .	147
Character and Circumstance . . .	134	John Morley and Joseph Knight (Vernon Rendall) . . .	143	The Spell of Russia . . .	148
<b>MIDDLE ARTICLES:</b>		Miss E. W. Wilcox's Poetry (Cyril Falls) . . .	143	Mr. Chiozza Money's Great State . . .	149
Shakespeare Himself. — VI. By George A. B. Dewar . . .	135	Nature Notes (E. M. Williams) . . .	144	Novels . . .	149
Tongate. By Harold Begbie . . .	136	"The Boxing Fiasco" . . .	144	Latest Books . . .	150
"The Wee, Wee German Lairdie." By Rev. Canon Douglas Maclean . . .	137	"Mrs. Eddy's Gospel" (Palmer Downing) . . .	144	The Reviews . . .	151
The Minister for Art. By C. H. Collins Baker . . .	138	Etc., etc.		Books Received . . .	151
Under the Lindens . . .	140			<b>FINANCE:</b>	
<b>MOTORING: Routes in France.—III.</b>				The City . . .	152
By Henry J. Hecht . . .	140			Insurance: Mutual Life of New York . . .	154

The SATURDAY REVIEW has made an arrangement by which from week to week the chief events of the War in Europe will be explained and discussed in its columns by an officer of the highest distinction and of great experience in active service. His first article will appear next week.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

What those in authority—who really from their position know about European movements—have been living for the last day or two in dread of is the news that Germany has crossed the Belgian frontier: an easy accomplishment indeed for Germany in her unquestionably perfect state of war readiness—but one which, her statesmen recognise, would in all probability lead to a naval movement in the Baltic which would speedily bring a tremendous pressure to bear on the German people. So long as that dreaded news is delayed a hope of peace—for this nation—still glimmers, in spite of Russian mobilisation. But it is impossible to be very hopeful in view of the attitude as between Germany and Austria a week or more ago: we have too much reason to believe that Germany had the power then of persuading Austria to hold her hand, but would not use that power. Would she have taken this line if her intention had been European peace?

We cannot help recalling, and recalling with uneasiness, a speech made by Lord Roberts a few years ago which caused a great commotion and drew on him the unjust censure of many critics. In that speech Lord Roberts said in effect, we remember, that Germany would strike when her preparations were complete, at her own time. It is true, of course; and it is idle to ignore the fact that at this moment the view prevails among too many high officials and military heads of hers that the time should be now. They argue that a few years hence Russia will have vastly enhanced its naval strength, France its military; and that Germany cannot be riper for action than it is to-day. The point is, will that view predominate in the councils of Germany? All depends on that.

This European war has come with appalling suddenness, a war which, even should it be successfully localised, cannot be regarded as one between a little nation and a great. Servia has a powerful army, an army in a high state of training, and still elated by the part it played in the Balkan struggle. We should fall into a bad error if we glanced at Servia and at Austria on the map, and then rushed to the conclusion that it is merely a case of a great Power administering a chastisement, quickly over and done with, to a petty principality. On the contrary, it is far likelier to be a war in which great armies are ranged against each other. The Austrian army has had the general reputation for years past of being one of the finest in the world; but it is not so at all, and we know well the warlike spirit and the striking power of the Servians. It may be a struggle of a desperate nature.

Before describing the steps which since last Saturday have hurried Europe into war with such extraordinary speed, we must make quite clear our view of this country's position and responsibilities. Great Britain, if it is to preserve its reputation and its Empire, must not palter with its friends on the Continent and its engagements and understandings with them. Our friends are France and Russia, and our influence and co-operation must be with them. If we were to play the rôle of dark horse, if the idea spread that we meant to hold aloof in any eventuality, and to give our friends "the go-by", the effect would be disastrous.

Whatever happened then we should be hated and despised as "perfidious Albion" indeed; and we should return to our old state of "glorious isolation", as Mr. Goschen once termed it, with this difference—we should not have a friend in Europe, but instead a host of enemies. Therefore we should make it clear forthwith that whilst striving without ceasing for peace and for the localisation of the war, we shall act if need be with France and Russia; just as Germany and Italy have announced already that they will stand by their engagements with Austria. That is our only straight and our only safe way.

Events of great moment have so crowded on each other since Austria presented her ultimatum last week that we can give only the most condensed chronicle of the crisis. Servia last Saturday evening replied compliantly to ten out of the twelve demands of Austria; but asked for arbitration on the remaining two—namely, (1) all Servian officials guilty of propaganda against Austria shall be dismissed the Service, Austria naming the culprits, and (2) Austrian representatives to “assist” Servia in suppressing in Servia the movement against Austria. It was hoped that Austria might, on the strength of the compliance with all the other demands, suffer the Powers to negotiate over these two demands against which Servia held out, and diplomacy at once got to work. Meanwhile Baron Giesl, the Austrian Ambassador, had already left Belgrade; relations between the two nations had been broken off; Servia had hastily changed the seat of government from Belgrade to Kraguievatch, a fortified town farther south, and mobilisation had proceeded apace in both countries.

Great Britain proposed to France, Germany, and Italy that they should allow their ambassadors to meet and confer in London in order to try to induce Russia and Austria to suspend military operations whilst the four Powers tried to arrange a settlement. Italy and France were understood to be willing, but Germany declined to intervene, and the proposal, therefore, fell through. On Tuesday Austria formally declared war on Servia: “The Royal Government of Servia not having given a satisfactory reply . . . Austria-Hungary finds it necessary itself to safeguard its rights and interests and to have recourse for this purpose to force of arms. Austria-Hungary, therefore, considers itself from this moment in a state of war with Servia.” Thus ended all hopes of Austria delaying her revenge against Servia. Her provocation without doubt has been great. But the world now believes, and will believe, that she has far from struck an unpremeditated blow. Austria has shut her ears to the voice of Europe and declared war, there is reason to fear, for other ends besides that of punishing Servia. Austria has been patient in the past, but she has been so, the world now naturally suspects, for a set and secret purpose. The rearrangements in the Balkans did not satisfy her—that is too well known to-day.

Meanwhile such news as came through from the Continent after passing a rigorous censorship showed that Austria had struck at once. About midnight on Wednesday machine-gun fire was opened from Belgrade on the Austrian forces threatening the Servian capital, and replied to by bombardment. The Servian Custom House was demolished by Austrian artillery, several fires are reported to have broken out in the city, and on Thursday the bombardment was continued, with the intention of laying the whole place in ruins. The actual fate of Belgrade remains doubtful, but there is news of other engagements in the neighbourhood.

While Belgrade was being bombarded, Russia was mobilising her troops on the Austrian frontier, and Germany had requested an explanation of this step. The announcement was made, and promptly denied, that Germany had mobilised, but it is known that the military authorities at Berlin have pressed for immediate mobilisation, and at St. Petersburg it was believed that orders to that effect might be given at any moment. Should that order be given the last hope of peace would have to be abandoned.

Germany has officially assured France that the statement that her troops have been mobilised across the Vosges is “inexact”, but it is known that military preparations are being pushed on, which may or may not be of a simply precautionary nature, and France has

necessarily replied by similar steps. Precautionary measures have likewise been taken in Belgium and Holland. The whole Continent, in fact, is now in arms.

The immediate result of the outbreak of war, even on a restricted scale, has been a financial panic and an acute disturbance of the ordinary routine of prices. One after another the Continental Stock Exchanges fell out, the English provincial and Canadian exchanges followed suit, and the London Stock Exchange, tired of being fired at by the whole world, wisely closed its doors on Friday morning. Simultaneously an immediate shortage of gold was seen, and an immediate rise in the price of food throughout Europe. The war has come at an unfortunate time for the harvest in practically every country, but while Germany will feel the shortage most heavily, Russia and England will probably be relatively secure.

Food riots have broken out in Vienna, where the price of commodities rose in a day fifty or in some cases even a hundred per cent., and special regulations have been issued to prevent speculators from exploiting the public. In Hungary the harvest is nearly in, but in Austria it has hardly begun, and unless corn can be imported the shortage will be seriously felt during the next few weeks in and around Vienna. Elsewhere news is scarce, but common experience shows that even here in England, with the sea routes unaffected, prices have risen immediately.

From our own people has come an instant response to the “Times” appeal to close the ranks. A party truce is proclaimed in Parliament, and, in Mr. Asquith’s memorable words on Thursday, “the patriotism of all parties will contribute what lies in our power, if not to avert, at least to circumscribe the calamities which threaten the world”. Mr. Bonar Law’s response was short, but sufficient: “Whatever our domestic differences may be, they do not prevent us from presenting a united front in the Councils of the world”. In that spirit we shall carry on until the danger which threatens us is over.

Evidence is accumulating that it is not merely the British people, but the whole Empire that will show a united front to the world. There is no sign of weakness in the Dominions; reassuring messages have been received at home, and the typical note has been struck by the “Toronto Mail”, which declares that “when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war. The British Navy is still our protector”. From Montreal, too, comes the aspiration that French and English people in Canada “may well unite in lending whatever assistance time and events may require to the common cause”. Australia has a peculiar anxiety in the openly expressed fear that the European War may become a world-war by spreading to the Pacific while the British Navy is engaged in European waters. That would indeed be a grave emergency for the English peoples in the Antipodes, for the Australian fleet is not yet complete, and the citizen army of the Commonwealth is still in its infancy, while the Northern Territory remains unpeopled. But that emergency, which need only be glanced at and, we trust, dismissed, would at once bring the United States to the fore as the protector of white interests in the Pacific. South Africa has already pointed out that her gold will be an asset to the Empire.

The position of Italy, should the war spread, would be peculiarly tragic. If she fights with her allies she would certainly be invaded by their opponents; if she held back she would be punished by the victor for non-intervention. Yet she has no quarrel of her own in this matter, and her own interests and inclination would dispose her to be neutral. Italian public opinion naturally blames Austria, “her ally whom she hates”,



for the catastrophe which may undo in a month all the work for the prosperity of Italy which has been done during the past twenty years.

Not often (writes a correspondent) does a newspaper have any definite effect on the course of European affairs. But the "Standard" may be congratulated on the immediate adoption by the Austrian Government of a suggestion made in one of its leading articles. On Monday it appealed to that Government to make it clear to Europe that in moving against Serbia Austria was animated solely by the desire to punish a "bad boy", and had no intention of picking the bad boy's pocket when he was down. In other words, she was asked to satisfy Europe that she harboured no design of crushing Servian independence or of taking Servian territory. This ingenious suggestion reached the right quarter in Vienna, and seems to have been the cause of the Austro-Hungarian Government sending out Notes to Russia and all the Great Powers binding itself to seek no territorial advantage. Negotiations with Russia seemed to be made easier by the course advised by the "Standard", which has dealt with the crisis throughout in quite its old spirit.

Mr. Harcourt's statement on the Colonial Office vote was uninspiring. He tacitly admitted that he could do nothing for the South African natives, who have come to England to lay their grievances before him, except refer them back to General Botha, from whom they have appealed; but the real disappointment of his annual review was his failure to announce his decision as to the future of Rhodesia. Seeing that the Charter of the British South Africa Company expires on 29 October, it is nothing less than a scandal that no public announcement has been made of the intentions of the Colonial Office, and so uncertain is Mr. Harcourt of his course that he cannot even pledge himself to make a statement before the prorogation of Parliament. The "Wait and See" policy—which a ruder age would have called a policy of drift—seems to infect one Secretary of State after another.

The plain fact is that Mr. Harcourt would like to spite the Chartered Company, but is not sure of his ground. He relied on the recent elections in Southern Rhodesia to assist his anti-Charter policy, but the electors returned a solid block of supporters of the Charter; and the difficulty that arose in framing the case as to the Chartered Company's right to the soil, which is to be tried by the Privy Council, has caused still further delay. The Charter can hardly be suspended at the last moment without endless confusion, to say nothing of the injustice of such a course: the best that Mr. Harcourt can do is to renew it for ten years, and announce the fact publicly as soon as possible.

Really, what can we make of the end of the Caillaux case? Will the average educated Englishman be able to make anything of it but sheer wonderment and puzzlement? It is known, proved, as absolutely as anything can be proved outside mathematics, that Mme. Caillaux took a pistol and went and shot M. Calmette dead. She is tried and the jury find her not guilty of murder. The French are a great people, an indispensable people, but it seems little use for an Englishman to try to grasp their legal arguments. However, in this case the result was not unexpected: "Indulgence is in the air", wrote M. Dimnet in his article, "The Caillaux Case and the Public," in *THE SATURDAY REVIEW* last week; "Mme. Caillaux may be acquitted, for nobody knows anything about the thirty-six gentlemen from among whom the twelve jurymen were selected".

We recall a story which many years ago a settler in Natal told us and vouched for the truth of. He

said that when, as a youngster, he went to Natal, a neighbour of his—a white man—found that a native was stealing his potatoes at night. Therefore he loaded his shot gun, an old muzzleloader, and waited for the thief. The thief, a native, appeared, and the white man shot him dead and went back to sleep. He was duly tried for murder. The judge, a newcomer, instructed the jury, and the jury retired a few minutes and came back with a verdict: "Not guilty—We find the deceased met his death by falling over a precipice". The judge indignantly refused to accept this verdict. The jury retired again, and reappeared with a verdict: "Not guilty—We find the deceased met his death by being gored to death by a buffalo". We have never believed the details of this story, but it is not, perhaps, much more difficult to regard quite gravely than is the Caillaux case.

At midday on Sunday a yacht laden with a cargo of rifles entered Howth harbour, and, simultaneously, a body of Nationalist Volunteers—to the number of 1,000—marched down the quay and received the rifles. The authorities in Dublin were informed, and the Assistant Commissioner of Police, Mr. Harrel, took out a number of the Dublin Metropolitan Police and the Royal Irish Constabulary to intercept them. In pursuance of his statutory power he also requisitioned two companies of the Scottish Borderers. He met the Volunteers a few miles from the harbour on their way to Dublin. A conflict ensued, in which two of the soldiers were injured by revolver bullets, fired—it is alleged—by onlookers. Under cover of a parley between the leaders, the bulk of the Volunteers, hidden from view behind their front ranks, dispersed and got away with their rifles. Further pursuit was useless.

The troops were ordered back to barracks. Apparently only minor injuries resulted, and had the incident ended then the consequences would not have been very serious. But on their return the soldiers were surrounded by an infuriated mob, who followed them through the heart of Dublin City. The mob attacked savagely with heavy stones and broken bottles. As Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons, practically every member of the force was hit. Major Haig, who was in command, was hit six times. Eventually the men in the rear rank—who were naturally the most exposed—unable to endure the savage assault, got out of hand and fired their rifles at the crowd. Three persons were killed and some thirty injured.

London, once the unmusical, has lately rejoiced in three simultaneous opera seasons—the Opera Syndicate's at Covent Garden, Sir Joseph Beecham's at Drury Lane, and the Moody-Manners Company's at the Prince of Wales's. The two first have ended for the summer in a blaze of glory, and certainly both Sir Joseph Beecham and the syndicate have every reason to be satisfied with some of the most successful performances of recent years. Mr. Manners now has the field to himself, and we trust he will be handsomely supported. Even in August a few million people are still left in London, and some thousands of these should seize the chance of hearing good work-a-day renderings of fine operas. Inevitably the level reached is not so high as at the more expensive theatres, but they are thoroughly good and well worth the money. Things have indeed changed since the days of Royal Italian opera. At Covent Garden and Drury Lane operatic representations have been given equal to those at the great German opera-houses; and those of Mr. Manners certainly surpass what we hear in the ordinary municipal institutions of the Continent. By coming persistently to London Mr. Manners is educating the public to the point at which it will demand that we also should have national and municipal opera. The most notable affair of the season is the first performance in English of Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah." This will be found to mark an epoch.

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND THE WAR.

WHAT is Great Britain's position; how is she likely to be affected?—that frankly is the first question, the supreme question, which we are bound to put to ourselves and to each other over the war between Austria and Serbia. It is not a cynical confession of selfishness to say that in this grave matter we think first and foremost of number one: rather, it is the straight and honest course. What is more it is, we believe, the only really safe course. Surely we have had enough, in another business, of the wait-and-see policy—that has led the country into a frightful impasse at home. Therefore most earnestly we trust the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has made up his mind absolutely as to the broad lines of policy which this country shall follow in regard to Austria and Serbia and the Powers concerned. Peace we must strive after with our every effort. All men in this country greatly desire that the war may be strictly localised; and they expect the Foreign Office to exercise all the art of diplomacy in the work of preventing the fire from spreading beyond Austria and Serbia. So much is perfectly clear and agreed upon. But we ought, even at this stage, to make it quite clear that, if the worse comes to the worst and the conflagration spreads, we shall fulfil all our obligations in the spirit and to the letter, not less than Germany has announced uprightly she means to do, as Italy has virtually announced it, as France will assuredly do. Germany and Italy have an alliance with Austria. We do not doubt they intend to keep their engagements. We have an entente with France, intimate and very real. We are grouped with France and with Russia. It is a policy, an arrangement, which has been made by Sir Edward Grey and the present Government; and the Unionist Party has assented to it, has backed it. These facts are past all dispute.

What would happen if now or in the near future the fire spread, and Great Britain were to take the line—“We are not a Continental Power, but hold ourselves disinterested. Let the other European nations settle it among themselves. We retire from our group and take up our old rôle of ‘splendid isolation’”?

Can there be a moment's doubt as to what would happen if Great Britain were to take up such a position as this? To begin with, she would lose, at once and for ever, all reputation for honour among nations. Next, she would not for long save her skin. If we were to play our intimate and generous friend France such a monstrously mean trick, and were to treat Russia as if we had never gone into a triple entente with her, we should turn both those Powers into our bitterest enemies. We might force France—the thing is perfectly credible except to stupid and slow intelligences—into an arrangement with Germany; and it is as certain as death that we should ultimately go down before a European combination, and that the British Empire would end—deservedly.

Therefore, come what may, it is absolutely essential, both on the ground of faith and on the ground of self-preservation, that we should stand by our friends; and that they should know that we mean to see it through with them. Any other course, any other scheme, would be the bankruptcy of our honour and the suicide of our Empire. We say this deliberately and most earnestly, weighing carefully the words. And we cannot doubt that the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who has himself arranged the grouping of Great Britain with France and Russia, and who so firmly handled the Morocco affair, intends to uphold the honour and safety of this country whilst searching with all his skill for peace. We have our differences, as an Opposition, with him. We dislike his move in Persia, which savours too much of an adventure; and we think that, considering the generous way in which the Unionist Party has met him in all the greater foreign questions, he should have met them more generously in home matters. But in foreign policies he is generally

believed to have the greatness as well as the safety of the country at heart, and we cannot think he means to shirk the entente. We hope, therefore, that the Prime Minister and the Secretary for Foreign Affairs will speedily make it clear that Great Britain with no ill will in the world towards Austria—whose action if drastic is very natural—regards France and Russia as friends to whom it is bound.

To turn to the war: it is unexpected only in so far as its formal cause—the murder at Serajevo—was unexpected. But for more than six years the relations between Austria and Serbia have been very bad—bad in themselves and bad as an incident in the antagonism between Austria and Russia. These two aspects of the crisis require to be kept separate in analysis, though they are inter-dependent in fact. We propose first to review the grounds of conflict between Austria and Serbia, and then to refer to their bearing on the general position in Eastern Europe. Twenty years ago any such distinction would have been almost impossible, since neither Serbia nor Bulgaria could be said to have foreign policies of their own. They were but pawns in the great game between Austria and Russia, and it is in the development of a more intense national feeling in the two Balkan States that the present crisis takes its rise. In the early days of their independence each State rested on the support of its nearest great neighbour—Serbia on Austria, Bulgaria on Russia—and this arrangement was favourable to the maintenance of the European equilibrium. But as national feeling developed both States felt that the protection they enjoyed was somewhat too overwhelming, and the old relations were reversed. We find Bulgaria acting with Austria through the Bosnian crisis, while Serbia set up close relations with Russia. This new orientation still persists, and it must be noted that the mere fact of the change is a proof of the growing national strength of the small States. A weak Serbia could not be anything but pro-Austrian, since Russia is too far away to throw her mantle over her. Only a comparatively strong Serbia can afford to be pro-Russian. We have now to trace the steps by which Serbia, from being merely pro-Russian became definitely anti-Austrian—a development from a negative to a positive opposition.

The first step was taken about ten years ago, when the Balkan States first began to feel strong enough to settle things for themselves, a feeling which was ultimately to lead to the formation of the Balkan League. In 1905 Serbia concluded with Bulgaria a commercial treaty which was intended to be the prelude to an alliance. The move was regarded with the utmost disfavour by Austria, which put the strongest possible pressure on Serbia to bring her back to her former state of obedience to Austrian dictation. The method chosen was the declaration of a pig-war, as it was called. Serbia's prime export was, and is, pigs. With Macedonia in Turkish hands, the only convenient outlet for her produce lay through Austrian territory. Austria now discovered that swine fever was prevalent in the Serbian sties and closed her frontiers to Serbian pigs, thus bringing the little State to the verge of ruin. This policy left a very evil memory behind, and as a consequence of the pig-war the idea of a Greater Serbia began to take definite shape. The notion of a Greater Serbia rests on the idea that the Serb kingdom should embrace all members of the Serb race. But the majority of Serbs lay outside Serb territory. Some were in Macedonia, others in Bosnia under Austrian protection, others in Croatia under Hungarian rule. A vigorous nationalist propaganda was accordingly established. It was carried on by secret societies, the activities of one of which were referred to in Austria's ultimatum last week. It would appear that this propagandist movement began by taking advantage of the difficulties experienced by Hungary in governing Croatia. And here we come upon an element of complication in the Serbian problem. In the Near East race and religion go together, but the Serb race is split up into three religions. Strictly



speaking, a Serb is a man of Servian race who is a member of the Servian branch of the Orthodox Church. But the Serbs of Croatia, and of a part of Bosnia, are Roman Catholics, and to this branch of the race is given the name Croats. Finally, we have the Bosniak Slavs, Serbs who have embraced and still practise the Mohammedan faith and are numerous in Bosnia. Greater Serbia is to include all three branches of the race, but the Servian kingdom is composed only of Orthodox Serbs, and it is only on the Orthodox Serbs of Bosnia—a powerful body, but a minority of the whole population—that the nationalist propaganda has made any great impression.

The first step, however, was to effect a reconciliation with the Croats. This was brought about late in 1905. It was regarded as a sinister move both in Austria and in Hungary, and led to the famous trial of 53 Croats for high treason—a trial in which, as was afterwards made clear, the Austrian authorities had been misled by forged documents—and to the definite annexation of Bosnia. The incorporation of this Serb province in the Hapsburg dominions was a crushing blow to Greater Servian aspirations. It will be remembered that for six months Serbia refused to acquiesce and Austria was compelled to mobilise part of her forces. Finally Russia found herself unable to support her friend and the Belgrade Government reluctantly gave assurances of good behaviour. But the propaganda continued, though its direction was changed. Baulked in Bosnia, Serbia turned her attention to Macedonia. We all know what complete success eventually attended her efforts in this region, and how in the moment of her triumph Austria thwarted her ambition to obtain a port on the Adriatic. With her hands free and her spirit more embittered than ever, Serbia returned to her old propaganda in Bosnia, with the results that are now alarming Europe.

It is when we ask what Austria now proposes to do with Serbia that we connect these facts with the general situation. Austria holds that this present war is an episode in her conflict with Russia for authority over the Southern Slavs. Had Serbia gained her Adriatic port, Austria would, in her view, have been completely enclosed on the south-east by the ring of Russian influence. Then the Southern Slavs—and there are many millions of them—in her own territories would have been corrupted and the dissolution of her Empire would have followed. Accordingly it appears to Austria that, though she is actually only at war with a small State, she is nevertheless fighting for her life—fighting the battle of Western civilisation against the Slav as she once fought it against the Turk. She therefore proposes to make Serbia the token of her victory. The most effective demonstration of her strength would be the annexation of the Servian kingdom, and there are many Austrians who have maintained that an independent Serbia is incompatible with the tranquillity of the Hapsburg Empire. But such a solution of the problem would entail two difficulties. In the first place Italy would certainly demand compensation for any further extension of Austrian territory; it is, indeed, generally believed that such compensation was promised her by treaty when the Triple Alliance was renewed in 1912. In the second place the annihilation of Serbia would certainly be more than Russia would endure. It may be, therefore, Austria will be content to reduce her enemy to military impotence. But we need not now discuss Austria's possible terms at any length, even though her declarations on this head will determine the immediate policy of Russia. Her terms will depend on the issue of the campaign now about to open. That campaign will not be any mere military promenade. If Austria could put her last man in the field against Serbia she would outnumber her enemy by at least eight to one. But Austria has her Russian, Italian, and Rumanian frontiers to guard and her Slav provinces to garrison, and it appears that the army of invasion which she is preparing will not be greatly superior in numbers to the force which it will have to meet.

## THE UNITED FRONT.

THE shadow of a terrible calamity has suddenly obscured all lesser issues. Even the pressing difficulty of the Irish question, full of danger as it is, has become small and even remote in face of the possibility of a European war in which Great Britain may be involved. The problems with which our politicians were contending only yesterday have been postponed—and there is a hope that the menace from without may lead to the settlement by consent at home which had otherwise been tried and found impossible.

England this last week has proved worthy of herself. Our quarrels have vanished as by magic; three days after party strife was at its height a party truce has been declared, and men who were bitter opponents on every question have become allies on the one question that matters—the safeguarding of our honour and our position as a nation and an Empire. The Prime Minister assumed, as a matter of course, that the Opposition would support him in this vital emergency, and he would be the first to acknowledge that his confidence was not misplaced. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bonar Law spoke for us all when they emphasised the need of showing a united front to the world that should allow the Government to speak and act with the authority of an undivided nation.

Dissension will come, if it does come, from Mr. Asquith's own followers. Some of the less instructed Radicals are murmuring that a Continental crisis is none of our business, that the Parliament Act must be fulfilled though all Europe is destroyed, and that the Amending Bill means more to them than the mobilisation of Germany. These people would pass the Plural Voting Bill on the very Day of Judgment, and quibble over a county option for Ireland while Britain was invaded. They have proved by their comments on the party truce proclaimed by their own leader that they know nothing, but we have yet to see if bitter experience will prove them unteachable. When we have survived Armageddon we may all approach the destinies of Tyrone in a different spirit. But for the time being it is on Europe and not on an isolated Irish county that our view is fixed.

Unhappily, the comments of these private Radical members who conceive it their highest duty to criticise their leaders in an unparalleled emergency have found an echo in the Press. This is the moment which one Radical journal considers appropriate to attack our diplomacy, and another to proclaim that the interests of a local suburb are more important than the honourable obligation of standing by our associates in the Triple Entente. The doctrine of the balance of power is to go, alliances are to be disregarded, honour sacrificed—in order that one suburb may flourish.

That is not a creed to put before patriotic men—and we prefer to believe that the bulk of the Liberal party, like the bulk of the nation, consists of patriotic men. A party triumph is one thing; a national danger is another. If we evade our obligations in this crisis we as a nation lose our soul, and we would remind those Radicals who cannot yet put off their party cloak for the mantle of national patriotism that we Unionists as a party have sacrificed as much as they without complaint. A week ago they looked forward to the fulfilment of the Parliament Act, and we to an early triumph at the General Election which was known to be near. We have, without a murmur, and indeed with eagerness, put aside all thought of an electoral victory; can they not learn at this supreme moment to postpone for a space their Parliamentary victory? Let the fate of Poland, which perished as a nation because party was more to it than patriotism, be their warning.

Ten years ago one might have discussed the policy of alliances, and have disputed over the wisdom of maintaining the balance of power. Ten years hence one may do the same. But at this moment alliances and the balance of power are not an issue, not even an academic question. We have chosen our path, and as honourable men we must go forward along that path.

It may be that the path of duty may also be the path of safety, perhaps even of glory and success, but at least it is the path of duty that lies before us. If there is dirty weather ahead we must face it as best we can; we have not been wont to fail in resolution in the past, and the spirit of our people is not less proud than a century ago. If we faced Europe with a bold front then, we can do so now.

Let us, then, hear no more of this miserable puling. As well might the man who is caught in a storm complain that it was none of his seeking: the fact remains that he is caught in a storm, and has to go through with it. There will be time enough for party when the thing is over; when Europe has passed through the baptism of blood that now seems inevitable we can return with what zest we may to discuss the righteousness of abolishing the plural voter and redistributing seats in the House of Commons. For the time being we must dismiss that topic and turn to the business in hand.

We have had our quarrels with the Government, and their domestic policy is still obnoxious to us. But in the control of foreign affairs we must pay them due tribute. We believe that Mr. Asquith—whom we congratulated several weeks ago on his courage in taking upon himself the responsibility of the Secretaryship of State for War, a responsibility which he did not then realise would prove so heavy—will show himself a strong and patriotic head of a resolute Government. Sir Edward Grey has done his utmost to preserve the peace of Europe; he can do no more, and no good Englishman will regret that he has combined firmness at the Foreign Office with the desire for a settlement by conference. In Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty the nation has an admitted genius for organisation, who has brought the Navy to a high pitch of perfection, and whose stand for adequate armaments is now seen by friend and foe to have been a piece of practical wisdom, justified by the event. Had we scamped our preparations, as some of the critics of the Admiralty desired, there would now have been no option before Britain but to have repudiated her friends and stood aside in inglorious isolation—until she had herself been attacked by the victor in the future.

The quarrel is none of our seeking, the breach—if it must come to that—will be none of our making. We have stood for peace as our best interest, and we would still have peace, if it could be peace with honour, at this last hour. But when others take advantage of our party divisions to snatch an opportunity to override Europe and bully the world, then it is our business to close the ranks and take our part in the work ahead. We have no fear that in this desperate danger the people will not be true to themselves and their past, and in saying this we believe we may include those Nationalists with whom we have been contending as to the political organisation of this kingdom. They, too, will play their part in the troubles that lie before us, and if they share—as we are convinced they will—in the united front which we shall show our enemies, then the question of Irish self-government, which has disturbed us for thirty years past, will have settled itself.

#### CHARACTER AND CIRCUMSTANCE.

THAT discriminating critic, Mr. Samuel Weller, once remarked that a good letter should not exhaust its subject. "She'll wish there was more", he said of his valentine to the pretty housemaid, "and that's the great art of letter-writing". No public man more faithfully follows the Weller principle than Lord Rosebery. One never reads a speech of his—unless possibly one on politics—without wishing it were longer. He has such a knack of suggesting lines of thought, and leaving them unexplored. His little talk to the boys at Epsom College is a case in point. Discussing the relation between character and circumstance, he left off just at the interesting point. People, according to Lord Rosebery, have their characters given to them at birth—perhaps before birth.

But the world is constantly carving and chiselling their characters; and the finished character is the resultant of the play of circumstance on innate instinct.

All this, of course, savours of truism; but a truism has generally a hard fight in being accepted as a truth. Certainly our whole system of education is founded on the exactly opposite assumption that every human being is more or less on a level in extreme youth, and that mere drilling and instruction are sufficient to overcome any inborn predispositions. That, of course, is sheer nonsense, and pernicious nonsense too. Every mother knows that character is visible in the baby in arms; it is most strongly apparent in a child before it has learned to talk; and it will colour a man's nature, if it does not determine his actions, to the very end. Circumstances may force a potential knight-errant into earning his living by burglary. But he will always be something different from the general run of burglars. Generosity, chivalry, a sense of fair play, will assert themselves on all kinds of odd occasions. He will probably live and die "game"; even the detective-sergeant whose evidence hanged him will have a vague impression of a superior character gone wrong.

Circumstance may condemn a thoroughbred to the plough, and impose on a Clydesdale stallion the obligation to do his best as a Pegasus. But it must be always a fight against nature in both cases. With men who have some sort of mastery over their fates circumstance rather deflects a course than determines a method. A man's ambitions may be changed, his mind may be darkened, his heart hardened, by the restraints of his conditions; but on the whole he must needs follow his natural bent. That Clive was shipped to India as a troublesome youth was a most important fact. But the supremely important fact was that Clive was Clive. That Bonaparte was born something over twenty years before the French Monarchy fell meant very much to the world, and a great deal to Napoleon. But the real germ of the Consulate and the Empire was in the cradle at Ajaccio, and not in the Parc aux Cerfs at Versailles. If there had been no rottenness in high French places, Bonaparte would have won pelf and glory somehow as a soldier of fortune. It was chance—or Providence—that determined Wesley's career. Without his visions of the eternal, he might have been an English Richelieu or a second Marlborough, a great business man or an extremely efficient chairman of Quarter Sessions, as circumstance dictated. But in any career he would have shown much the same talents for organisation, the same calm, compelling authority over loose enthusiasm, the same power of harnessing and controlling random energies. Richelieu himself might have lived and died in a provincial episcopal palace. But his see would have been like no other. Of spiritual zeal there would have been little; but every detail would have reflected his passion for order. It would have been the most efficiently governed Bishopric in France, and the terror of Monseigneur would have reached to the obscurest curacy.

On the whole we have little faith in that idea of mute inglorious Miltons. The Miltons may—and do often—get sadly distorted in an unequal fight against their circumstances; they may not be "successful", but they make their sign somehow, however rudely. For character—and even genius—is happily not solely for West End consumption; Nature is rich enough to spare originality for the village ale-house and the factory and furrow-field. Of all modern fopperies not the least foolish is that which seeks to reduce character to "cleverness", and assumes that its necessary livery is the swallow-tail coat of Society.

There are no classes, but only individuals, not one of whom is quite like the next man. Yet it is always assumed that they are alike, and any marked divergence from what is accepted as the normal is regarded as not a little sinful. The legislator, of course, must proceed mainly on some theory of general uniformity, though he invariably overdoes it. But the moralist of



"practical" kind is guilty of quite unnecessary offences against common sense. Take, for example, the enormous injustice done to idle and unmethodical men. Probably the world owes more, not only in the region of pure thought but in that of sheer practical work, to the constitutionally lazy than to any other class. Laziness, of course, is to be distinguished from habitual lethargy. The genuinely lazy man has almost always a capacity for fierce exertion when occasion demands. He has generally a just view of the relative importance of things, and is free from that worst of all artistic vices—over-emphasis of the inessential. Yet a man of this type suffers from his earliest boyhood to his dying day the slings and arrows of fussy, methodical, commonplace people. He is everlastingly lectured by boastful millionaires on his want of method. The people who apportion out every minute of the day, who keep their desks in beautiful order, who specialise in the newest forms of index-filing, and keep up a perpetual fret and worry at the telephone—to these there is something monstrous in the idea that a man may do far more work, and vastly more important work, who gets up and goes to bed at any hour, spends whole hours in doing nothing, and dares the housemaid to abate the unholy litter of his working-room.

Lord Rosebery is not to be confounded with such pestilent busybodies. But he, too, seems to have a lurking idea that "success" of some kind is important. He speaks of character as determining whether or not we are going to pass through life as "atoms"—meaning, presumably, unimportant items of the population. But, after all, the "atom" ought not to be scorned. It is not unpleasant to be an atom, and the preponderance of atoms is highly soothing to the strong characters. After all, this globe would be a hideous wilderness but for the atoms. A whole world of "brainy" men, with decisive temperaments, is something too dreadful to contemplate.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.—VI.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

HOWARD STAUNTON, in his edition of the plays, touches on the detachment of Shakespeare from the religious disputes of his day—he stood so aloof we do not know whether he was Papist or Protestant. That is a point well worth examining. When we look into the matter we see at once that what is true of Shakespeare's attitude towards the religious disputes of the day is not less true of his attitude towards the other party and social disputes and controversies that raged round him. Mr. Masson has referred to this in perhaps the most remarkable pages in his book of lectures. I should like to say a last word or two here, by the way, for that book, as I may not have another good opportunity. The more I dip into the book, the more it appeals to me: I find it one of the most suggestive, critical books I have ever read, generous; I believe, absolutely sincere and sound; full of the judgment of ripe experience—and in some of its chapters illuminating. I put it confidently on one of two or three shelves out of which by years of selection I have carefully weeded all that is not literature which should last. I should have liked to hear Masson lecture. I fear that in my Oxford days I cut every lecture—save those of A. H. Johnson on Napoleon, Pitt, and the French Revolution—which I could cut with safety and amused myself instead by sailing or bird-nesting on the Upper River. But I don't think I should have cut, I hope I should not, lectures so stimulating as Masson's. I think his pupils, to judge by this book, must have been a fortunate lot.

There is one matter in which I am not sure I view Shakespeare quite as Mr. Masson and other authorities view him—the matter of aristocracy and scorn for the vulgus, the plebs, or masses. It is true the plays

abound in striking passages which pour scorn on the crowd; for example, the Jack Cade passages in the second part of *Henry VI.*—which if Shakespeare did not write were surely written by someone cast in Shakespeare's mould!—and throughout that titanic drama, that super-play, "*Coriolanus*". The contention that Shakespeare himself did not necessarily feel the least contempt for the people who rebelled with Cade and were for killing a peer because he knew French, and who banished *Coriolanus*—the contention that he was merely a disinterested dramatist, Shakespeare the mere playwright—is not worth considering. It is forced and absurd; and the "fervours" and "recurrences" of Shakespeare, as Masson calls them, alone may persuade us to the contrary. Shakespeare beyond the shadow of a doubt did feel tremendously some of the hard words *Coriolanus* and other characters in his poems speak against the crowd. Shakespeare's detachment, his wonderful aloofness from his day, is quite another thing.

I agree then, really we all must agree, that Shakespeare scorned the followers of Jack Cade, and of the sly, cowardly tribunes in "*Coriolanus*"—"Cats" he makes Volumnia call those two intriguers, and spiteful purring, scratching men pussy-cats one feels in reading they truly were—but my idea is that he only scorned the crowd or rabble as a crowd or rabble, as a thoughtless, reckless thing up and in action, and grossly unfit to direct or govern. For the people, the working classes, the poor, the hewers of wood and breakers of stone and carriers of water and diggers of earth, I do not believe for a moment he had the least scorn. On the contrary, I gather Shakespeare was quite a man of the people—not less than Dickens, who could draw a dreadful picture of the crowd or rabble up and acting, as that splendid tale "*Barnaby Rudge*" shows. There was surely none of the traditional aristocrat hauteur about Shakespeare. "Common people" very far from stank in his nostrils as in those of Chester in "*Barnaby Rudge*" or "Monseigneur" in "*A Tale of Two Cities*". On the contrary, his book is full of passages that go to prove that Shakespeare believed in clay and in the clouted shoon. Many passages from the plays describing the acts, feelings and shrewd homely wit of very humble folk go to show this. His shepherds, his gardeners, his clowns, the rustical figures in his country pieces, to my mind even the little touches in some of the lovely songs, show Shakespeare sympathising with the poor and the lowly. The groom in "*Richard II.*" is no isolated figure of worth in Shakespeare's gallery of the masses: Shakespeare doubtless knew about the trusty serving man.

"The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;  
The paddock shut—no secrets he'll disclose;  
Patient the ass—his master's wrath to bear;  
Swiftness in errand—the stag's feet declare;  
Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith;  
The vest, his neatness; open hand, his faith;  
Girt with his sword—his shield upon his arm—  
Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

There are poor folk in his gallery of portraits, full of knottiness and gritty character, and Shakespeare had learnt from association with them, begun in early youth in his country home, that a fund of humour is in many a one. Take the gravediggers in act V., scene I., of "*Hamlet*"—in its way the most wondrous thing in or out of Shakespeare: the man who did that knew the working man, believed in the working man. Dickens was more exuberant, but perhaps he did not value the common people more.

Shakespeare, then, understood and valued the horn-arm, the swinking haymaker and herdsman, the ostler, the ploughman, the dairymaid, the grave-maker. Especially he seems to have favoured the earthy ones. He knew what most of us recognise, who have found comrades in our bird-nesting, poaching, and lesson-avoiding days, and have kept up the acquaintanceship in later life, that the strength of the best is often found in chawbacon and clodpole.

It was not from bread and cheese and smock that Shakespeare shrank or held aloof. His lofty detachment was not there. What he held aloof from in all his writings was clique, party, flattery, lampoon, libel, vengeance. There are no Scotch bards and English reviewers in Shakespeare. There are no pictures of hated rivals who without sneering teach the rest to sneer. There is nothing professional, nothing "superior", there is nothing in the vein of forty-millions-mostly-fools. From the wrangles, log-rollings, cults, schools, and movements of the day his poetry was gloriously free. There may be a passage or two of common form eulogy about Elizabeth and James—for the passage about Elizabeth in "Henry VIII." is Shakespeare's all right—but this is as nothing considering the mass and extent of his work: Shakespeare was human—we do not lose sight of that.

No, Shakespeare's kings and queens do not flatter king- and queenship at all. Then how aloof he was from "the spites and the follies" of authorship! We know how Greene hated him as an "upstart crow" and reviled him as "Shakescene". There must have been more than one Greene, more than one poor reviling man whose bitter fate it was in the welter and muddle of life to get out whilst he got on; but we do not find them in Shakespeare's works. *Nemo me impune lacessit* was not Shakespeare's motto: there is no "padded man that wears the stays" in Shakespeare. Wellington could not in Shakespeare have been Villainton, as he appears in a rather contemptible line in Byron. He is above it and beyond it. There is no "I curse you though I hate you not" in Shakespeare's poems, as in Shelley's: his thoughts go too deep for that. Shallow has, I know, been cited as a kind of lampoon by Shakespeare on the man whose deer, tradition says, he poached in Warwickshire—a delusion. Shallow was a character creation, a type, founded doubtless on life and experience, but essentially a work of art not of spite or lampooning spirit.

We cannot reach up to Shakespeare in this serenity of his any more than we can reach up to him in his universality. But in all Shakespeare there is nothing much more worth considering than this extraordinary restraint and detachment of his; and it was the attitude and habit of a man who did not dwell apart on Olympus, but was forced to take his place and ply his trade in the common markets of life.

#### TONGATE.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

FOR a week and more I have been haunted by a person of the name of Tongate. The name is entirely new to me, and this fact alone, so curiously sensitive is the mind to original impressions, may account, at any rate in some measure, for my persisting obsession. But it chanced that I know something about Tongate, and the heart of my haunting is concerned, I feel certain, far more with this fragment of knowledge than with the name of the man, though that name, I confess, is often in my mind and sometimes on my lips. I like the name Tongate. It has a heavy and a solid sound. The first Tongate, one thinks, must have been a man of substance—I mean a man of substantial personality, an authentic soul.

But let me tell you how I came by my obsession.

Secunda brought me one day a little book, open in her hand; and as she came forward she was smiling, and before she reached me she was laughing; and thus blithesome and sparkling she said to me, "I say, this book is simply chock-full of funny things; I've been laughing like fits; it's too funny for words; do just listen to this". And she proceeded: "A Tommy in South Africa used to hold his helmet above a stone, so that the Boers might drill air-holes through it to keep his head cool; and he wrote home to his people and told them that our fellows, who didn't know how he got the holes, used to gape at him walking about and say, 'It's a marvel this bloke's alive'. Can't you

see him trying to look awfully serious!" She laughed, and then continued:

"Another Tommy, when he got a whang of lead in his arm, simply looked up and said, 'I believe I've stopped it!'" I think he must have been a Cockney. Another fellow, and I'm sure he was a Cockney, wrote home and said that one day on the march—he was in the cavalry—they were talking of the different funds for widows and orphans, and somebody asked which was the best of them, and a man in front answered, 'Mansion House'; and instantly, he says, his horse stopped dead and wouldn't move till somebody behind, imitating the voice of a 'bus conductor, shouted out, 'Higher up, please'. But I expect he made that up, don't you? Still, it's . . ."

I asked for the book, which I saw was a volume in Mr. Dent's Wayfarer's Library, and getting it into my hands found that it was Mr. James Milne's "Epistles of Atkins"—a little book into which the author has gathered some of the sayings, some of the actions, and some of the letters of our soldiers, when, as they themselves put it, Poor Old Atkins was blowing it out in South Africa. As I turned the pages Secunda observed, "One of the soldiers wrote home to say that the white ants had eaten a hole in the seat of his trousers, so he shortened the leg to patch it; but there were heaps of other fellows, he said, 'with the flag of truce flying behind!'"

At that moment, glancing over a page, I came upon this phrase from a Reservist's letter to his wife, "You might ask Tongate to turn my garden over for me". The words swam up to me through Secunda's laughter. I felt a distinct movement at my heart—it was Tongate entering, I suppose—and before Secunda had stopped laughing I had almost begun to cry. No; that is exaggeration; but it did strike me as a great fragment of realism, and as amiably pathetic, and in some way as most admirably manful, that a soldier should be thinking on the battlefield, in this particularly simple and practical fashion, of his garden in England. And I saw visions of the cottages close at hand to me—the modest doors one approaches through potatoes, scarlet runners, and green peas, a scent of mint and honeysuckle in the air, the humming of bees and flies on either side, the sound through an open window of a woman's voice singing to her baby. Mr. William Robinson has pointed out that when the rich lost their heads over the carpenter's rule in the garden the labourers still preserved about their cottages the exquisite simplicity and the true poetry of the English garden.

"You might ask Tongate to turn my garden over for me." I read Mr. Milne's comment: "He knows it will be done, for the alliance of simple men is set on a rock".

"Have you seen this?" I asked Secunda. She leaned over my shoulder, read for a moment, and then exclaimed in her earnest and impulsive way: "Yes, isn't it fine!—isn't it awfully fine!"

From that moment began the haunting. It happened that only a few weeks before I came across Tongate in this manner a labourer in our neighbourhood had been carried off to a lunatic asylum, leaving behind him, poor fellow, a wife and five children all under six years of age, to shift as best they might. That very same day a brother of the woman arrived at her cottage from four or five miles' distance, and transported the whole derelict family to his own dwelling—a man earning at the most a pound a week. And every evening, his long day's back-aching work concluded, he would go to his brother-in-law's cottage and keep the garden moving; the five-mile walk home through darkness as a wind-up of the day.

"The alliance of simple men", I reflected, "is, indeed, set on a rock"—wondering how many of my friends with fine houses and servants would care to receive from among their relations a penniless woman and five children at a moment's notice.

But the man Tongate shouldered his way into my meditations, and I felt a great longing to look at him, to shake hands with him, and to ask him where he



lived, and whether his friend, the Reservist, ever came home to take a look at his garden.

I said to Secunda, "I should like to know Tongate. I should like to know him so well that I could write his life". And Secunda looked at me and replied, "Shall we pretend we know him?" This suggestion took away my breath for a moment, and then left me cold and dejected. "No", I answered; "for Tongate is a man you couldn't pretend about. I rather think he is a tall, round-shouldered, bony, and brown-faced man, with hazel eyes and a reddish moustache; it seems to me he walks with his head down a bit, taking awkward, slow, heavy-booted strides, glancing out of the corners of his eyes at people; and I fancy that he always hastens, with his cap held by both hands, to the ultimate back pew in the church on Sunday evenings, close to the bell-ringers, distressed by the noise of his hob-nailed boots on the tiles, grinning nervously, blushing, a sky-blue tie round his collar". Then I gave the book back to Secunda. "Take it away", I said, pulling myself together; "I have got work to do. Tongate is a game for holidays".

But that is more than a week ago; and only today, a few hours back, as I walked by the pond to see how the irises were doing and whether a young, sad-looking gunnera had revived during the night, my mind full of this tranquil botanical solicitude, suddenly I found myself saying, quite wistfully, "I wonder where that fellow Tongate lives", and Tongate dogged me all the way round the pond, through the garden, and back into the house. I couldn't take up my pipe but Tongate shoved over the tobacco jar.

There are other people in the drama. The Reservist himself is a shadowy, almost a ghostly figure; I cannot bring myself to believe that he came back from South Africa; I fancy he was shot an hour or two after writing that letter, and sprang into the spirit world with a smell of turned earth all about him, his hands groping in the darkness for a spade or a fork; in any case he does not materialise in my reveries. But his wife does. His wife comes before me with a very white-faced baby in her arms; and she herself is a ferret-faced woman with neat sandy hair, small eyes, and two teeth resting on the lower lip. I see her at a cottage door, swinging from one foot to the other, to and fro, dressed in black, with a white apron, her eyes watching Tongate, who is digging potatoes, with his back turned to her. And I feel that she is one of those extraordinary women whose cottages are always clean and bright, whose children are always spick and span, and who themselves are always tidy to the last hair-pin, although one never sees them at work, and never hears them complain about fetching water and keeping house on fifteen or sixteen shillings a week. She is a real woman, this wife of a nameless Reservist. And her baby is a real baby. Nevertheless it is Tongate himself who dominates my obsession.

I do not know whether he is married or single; I am not in the least curious to discover whether he likes the Reservist's wife, or whether she cares for him. But, assured for a certainty that when the Reservist's wife went down the road years ago now, with a baby in her arms, and looking over Tongate's hedge, said to him: "I've heard from Alf", and when, as he glanced sideways at her, and replied, "Oh?" inquiringly, she told him about the particular message; assured, I say, that Tongate replied, "I'll look up in a hour or so", and then went on with his work; assured of that, I want to know the man Tongate himself, want to see him in his own cottage and his own garden, want to hear his dialect, and want to get the grip of his hand.

And I cannot rid myself of the thought that, could I find Tongate, and could the spirit of Flaubert take possession of me for a summer season, such a book might be written of this English labourer as would live close at the heart of English people, even as "Un Cœur Simple" lives close to the heart of the French. But here a doubt obtrudes. For when I meet the man

who took his sister and her five children into his cottage, and who still turns over the garden of his unfortunate brother-in-law, I find him so shrouded by voluminous silence, so laborious in dragging up a monosyllable from the depths of his being, so inarticulate, dumb, irresponsible, and obtuse, that I despair of getting Tongate to tell me one word of his history, even if I could find him.

As I write, it occurs to me that Tongate perhaps entered my heart and now continues to haunt my thoughts, not asking that his story should be told, but that I myself may look about my own acquaintance and see in that numerous humanity how many would be willing to turn over my garden for me. "The alliance of simple men is set on a rock." Am I not simple, then? Well, I try to be. Try to be! What, there is effort? Nay, then, I am not among these simple men. Tongate may earn only as many shillings a week as I possess pounds; his mind may be as cleanly empty as mine is distractingly, untidily crowded; but his feet are set upon a rock. My friends are more numerous than his, wittier, brighter, more amusing—yes, and overwhelmingly generous and kind; but, turn my garden over for me . . .

They'd see me — first.

### "THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE."

By DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

EXACTLY 200 years ago, on 1 August 1714, the House of Stuart, *de facto* as well as *de jure* regnant, "went out with a lass", great Anna, the only stupid and uninteresting scion of a brilliant and kingly race. Her nineteen children had long been in the grave—eighteen at Westminster, and one little coffin lies (strange collocation) with those of the martyr-king and Henry the destroyer at Windsor. When the Duke of Gloucester's faint spark was quenched in 1700, the Act of Settlement, carried by a single vote, recognised as next heir the aging Electress Sophia, Charles I.'s niece, and decency required that her son, the ruler of Hanover, should be made a peer of England—Great Britain was not yet. But Anne angrily refused to let George Louis come over to take his seat. As death drew nearer her spirit yearned more and more for her disinherited brother there in France, and the "Examiner" advised over-zealous presenters of addresses not to spread the winding-sheet of the illustrious House of Hanover so continually before Her Majesty. The Chevalier de St. George, says Thackeray, who in "Esmond" has depicted the prudish Mr. Melancholy as throwing away a crown by dangling after a petticoat, was loved and pitied by the nation. The statesmen who put into Anne's mouth the strongest professions of attachment to the Protestant succession were negotiating with St. Germain. When Bishop Fleetwood in 1712 lamented in the pulpit the "tenderness and ill-concealed content with which many speak of one who, if ever he comes, will bring a sure destruction to Church and State", the Commons ordered his sermons to be burned by the hangman. "Nothing", wrote another Whig prelate in 1714, "but a direct interposition of Providence can save us". Jacobite clubs flourished, Tory pamphleteers were busy, and even the S.P.C.K. was charged with fostering Jacobitism in its charity schools. Defoe complained that in the very shops and kitchens the feud of faction raged, cookmaids crying, "No French peace, no Pretender, no Popery!" while scullions shouted, "High Church, no Dutch kings, no Hanover!"

Nevertheless, when Anne expired rather suddenly the Whigs were prepared and the Tories were not. A secretary of state posted hot foot to Hanover, where the Electress had died a few weeks earlier. And while Atterbury was proposing to Ormonde and the Earl Marischal that he should go with them in his lawn sleeves and proclaim King James III. at Charing Cross, the trumpets had sounded for a supplanter, and a regency been declared.

England for a thousand years has been governed by foreign dynasties—Danish, French, Welsh, Scottish and German. Since Elizabeth of York, the only English blood brought in, and that for a single generation, has been through Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, and Anne Hyde. But the latter's daughter, Anna Regina, styled herself on her coronation medal "entirely English", and the monarchy has proved itself in the main Anglior Anglicior. When George in pudding time came o'er, however, he could not even swear in English, and conversed with his ministers in Latin. He did not want to come, and was well aware that nobody wanted him, except to keep somebody else out. He hated the beef-eating pig-headed islanders, and was only happy when he turned his back on them for dear Herrenhausen, which he had quitted weeping. His effigy crowns to this day the steeple of St. George's, Bloomsbury, as the preserver of our civil and religious liberties, for which the little German despot cared not a straw. But by refusing to preside at cabinet councils and leaving everything to Walpole, he founded our admirable system of Taper and Tadpole government, of which we are all just now so proud. Probably he would be turned out before many years. Meanwhile English foreign policy could be directed in the interests of Hanover, and the coffers filled of himself, his seraglio, his cooks, his black attendants, and all who had come over in his train. "Bah!" he is reported as saying, "it is English money; steal like the rest". The lively Duchess of Orléans condoled with the new Princess of Wales (*cette diablesse*, her father-in-law called her), and indeed with all the family, on their hard fate in being transplanted to England, where the people "would hate an angel from the skies if they had chosen him as king". But there were compensations. Green says that the first two Georges were honest and straightforward. They were willing to be constitutional nonentities this side of the water, and to feather the Hanoverian nest. The first was an avaricious gentleman-usher, the second a strutting drill-sergeant. What gallant gentleman, we may ask, was likely to give his life on battlefield or scaffold for either? What romance of heaven-descended right—which Macaulay describes as a "superstition as stupid and degrading as the Egyptian worship of cats and onions"—would gather round their cause? "The tongue can no man tame. *James Thirrd and Aucht!*" cried the Scottish dame, forbidden to toast the King over the water. Yet so quickly does loyalty grow up that John Wesley in 1745 spoke of "His Majesty whom I honour and love—I think not less than I did my own father".

Even in the age of Walpole and Hoadly and Junius monarchy never quite sank to the position of "an instrument of political convenience, based on the Act of Settlement". The ancient mediæval forms of religious reverence went on. Strong, indeed, must the monarchical principle be to have survived transference to a godless boor and libertine, whom the latest biographer of poor, wronged, and guilty Sophia Dorothea of Zell, describes as "a cold son and selfish brother, a coarse sensualist, and a vindictively cruel husband, who extended his unswerving hatred to his son and to that son's illustrious wife, who even used his grandchildren as the tools of his malice, and succeeded in bequeathing to his descendants for four generations the gloomy tradition of family hatred". He made small savings towards his enormous debts by stopping the salary (as Court librarian) of his mother's old friend, the philosopher Leibnitz, and by "borrowing" the annual Parliamentary grant of £15,000 for the relief of distressed French Protestant refugees. Yet we must give even the devil his due. George was brave, like all his race, reserved, resolved, calm. At home he kept up a splendid court—what would Londoners do without the eight cream-coloured horses of state which he introduced? Stout old Hearne, with all his hatred of the "D. of Brunswick" and the "Whiggs" who had brought him in, honestly records that "K. George, being lately at dinner at a certain noble Lord's", was much displeased when someone

began a health to the confusion of the Pretender—by the by, the word "pretender" had not then acquired its modern invidious sense, and merely meant claimant. On the other hand, two soldiers in this reign were flogged almost to death for wearing oak-leaves in their hats on 29 May. It is a curious question how that day would have been celebrated, by Whigs or by Jacobites, if George Louis had been born a few hours later. He saw the light on 28 May 1660, the eve of his cousin Charles's restoration. One or two other speculations occur. Suppose George's mother had lived a year or two, or even a month or two, longer, it would have been a contest not between Jamie and Geordie, but between young Jamie and old Sophy. Or suppose Rupert of the Rhine had left an heir, what then? In the proclamation put out by "James R.", 29 August 1714, his loving subjects were reminded of "the just pretensions of so many other princes that are before the House of Hanover, whose right after Us will be as undoubted as Our own, and who neither want will nor power to assert it in their turns, and to entail a perpetual war upon our Kingdoms". But the question did not arise till 1807, and by then legitimacy had become a lost cause. None of Charles I.'s many descendants was likely to disturb George III., old, blind, and distraught; and in Queen Victoria's Jubilee escort rode Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria himself.

Hearne mentions a mayor of Oxford who, in spite of a letter warning him that his safety lay in proclaiming King James, proclaimed King George instead. I have heard a story about this mayor, Broadwater by name, that, taking the date "Anno Domini" on the clock-face at Carfax to have been a complimentary reference to Queen Anne, he now had it, or wished to have it, altered to "Georgio Domini". This recalls the "Francisco franciscatur" tale. The Georges, until the third one, made queer Defenders of the Faith. One of George I.'s earlier acts was to suppress not only Convocation but the church-building fund of his predecessor and the scheme of a missionary bishoprick. The Deist and Socinian party was warmly encouraged. There came in with the new dynasty an era of arid, epicurean secularity and unghostliness—though which was cause and which effect it is less easy to say. The Church of England lost her most spiritual element by the non-juring secession. In fashionable circles Christianity nearly died out, or was pronounced "not mysterious". The delicate and romantic cavalier spirit in England, though not in Scotland, was represented by the two-bottle orthodox and high-flying tantivies. Yet Dr. Wickham Legg has lately shown how much Church vitality and Catholic tradition still went on. In 1726 appeared Law's "Christian Perfection", and in 1728 his "Serious Call"; while a young student at Oxford, steeped in à Kempis and Jeremy Taylor, was looking round for companions of a method of holy living, on the lines of the primitive Church. Subsequently, in the age of Voltaire—*écolier*, says Cousin, *de l'Angleterre*—and of Rousseau, the simple, sturdy piety of men like George III. and Samuel Johnson set an example to thousands. "My dear", said Johnson to a young lady, "I hope you're a Jacobite"; but the thought of what might have been in 1714 or in 1745 was fading into a shadowy sentiment of wistful regret.

#### THE MINISTER FOR ART.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

ARTISTS are naturally looking ahead at the prospect of this gentleman. Without many illusions they regard him either as a perfect nuisance or a last expedient. According to their view they are prepared to resist his coming or welcome it lest worse befall, but we may assume that no attention will be paid to the artists' point of view in the way of a referendum; those mysterious people who run things in high places are supposed to have been "nobbled" by influential advisers and to contemplate adding this



portfolio to the Cabinet. The argument, I imagine, that has moved them is, why should not so important an industry as Art have a Minister to watch its interests; if agriculture has a man detailed to champion and organise it, why has not Art? And if you casually ask artists what they think, as likely as not they will reply, "Well, it would be a good thing to have someone responsible for whom to make things hot".

To begin at the beginning, who would be entrusted with the Portfolio for Art, and what would be his qualifications? Presumably a Prime Minister in fixing up a new Cabinet has ranged before him such men as have distinguished themselves in the House or the constituencies; hard workers, tough debaters, brilliant fencers, and the like. One is put aside for the War Office, another for the Home Office, and so on; the least prominent would find himself down for the Art Office, and it is not improbable that if the War Office man made a mess of his job he would be sent down to take the Art place, where it would be hoped his failures might do little harm. There may often be men among prominent Parliamentarians whom grasp of detail, initiative, industry and organising genius well equip to administer the Post, War or Home Office. Their training, experience and natural gifts fit them to master even the most complex facts of administration, and some no doubt bring imagination to their work as well. But how often is a man of artistic knowledge and critical perception found among leading politicians? Successful business men, brilliant lawyers, and the sort of public school and 'Varsity man who shines in the House are almost without exception completely imperceptive in the aesthetic sense. Their training and experience have made no contact with art; they simply do not know good art from bad, because they have not learned to discriminate. A man of this kind, then, returned to Parliament on a Tariff Reform or Home Rule issue and picked by his chief because of his political gifts would be made the Minister for Art.

Once safely grasping his portfolio, what questions will he and his under-secretaries proceed to handle? First perhaps the National Gallery Grant. I should imagine that an enthusiastic and determined Minister would make quick work of this business. He would succeed where no private representations have been effectual. Taking a personal pride and responsibility he would see that England was given a position of equality with the countries that count. The shameful fact that we as a people rate art so lowly as to vote £5,000 a year (the Germans have just paid £50,000 for their Van der Goes) would be remedied. Then there is the fact that some officials of public galleries, men from whom are demanded special and difficult knowledge and scholarship as well as administrative gifts, and who fill posts of great responsibility, are paid salaries absurdly incompatible with their positions, and bearing no comparison with those paid by provincial municipalities. This anomaly, too, would be summarily handled by a Minister who existed to uphold art administration. Hitherto National Gallery affairs and the underpayment of gallery officials have been no man's business as far as Government is concerned. And we can readily understand that the Treasury, girt in on every side by responsible and enterprising Ministers for War, for Agriculture, Education, and the rest, would not specially bother about poor unrepresented Art.

For handling such administrative matters as the finance of art the Minister I am postulating would require no gifts more special than those of his brother Ministers. So far it is quite conceivable that the Secretaries for Art and War could change places without dislocating anything. But the Art Minister, if he were to be really valuable, would have to possess other gifts of an altogether uncommon and special nature. For whereas a first-rate Minister for Agriculture would probably make a first-rate Minister for War, merely by expanding and adapting his inherited gifts and acquired experience of organisation, no Minister of any

kind would make an efficient Secretary for Art unless he possessed knowledge and discriminating taste that no public school, 'Varsity or business training at present supplies.

Imagine the ordinary under-secretary produced by our present system faced with a great constructive question such as the rebuilding of London, the organisation of art industries, the establishment of a national tapestry manufactory or pottery. What could he do, where turn? His first idea would be to call in the assistance of specialist advisers, of course, selected from the Academy. Has not something of this sort already been suggested in reference to the condition of our arts and crafts? Himself without a notion as to what is really good design or bad, honest construction or fine painting, inevitably he would fall into the hands of his Advisory Committee. And is there any thoughtful observer living who doubts that the influence of his academic Committee would in the long run be mischievous? Is there any man of serious rank so optimistic as to think that suddenly the natural tendencies, the inevitable results of systematising art will be miraculously transformed? Art may be said to progress only by the propulsive actions of rebellious individuals, whose recurrent function is to make obsolete the accepted and systematised standard. Art is one of the things that are killed by standardisation; it is only healthy when ahead of its time. But it would be unfair and unreasonable to expect a State department to be controlled by revolutionary ideals; that kind of thing does not happen. True enough that one can point to Pericles or Colbert and their phenomenal organisation of vast artistic enterprise. But then we must remember that in Phidias and Le Brun they were blessed with specialist advisers of unique parts. We might also ponder the academic decadence that in no long time destroyed the artistic worth of Le Brun's creation.

Another aspect of this question is the expectations that have brought a Minister for Art into practical politics. What do the artists who welcome such an office expect to get out of it? On the whole, and perhaps rather crudely, we may say that they want artificial protection. What with machinery and changed needs they feel that the present era is unique in history; that through the malignant spite of destiny they have been born into an unprecedented streak of bad times. And so discomfited are they that they would invoke the protective shield of Government, whom privately they despise as philistine. Their attitude is "things are precious bad, let's find someone and make it his job to improve them". And I have no doubt they add that artists doomed to work to-day are deprived of the luck which everyone enjoyed in the good old times. The remedy is to get a Minister appointed whose *raison d'être* shall be to create a softer climate for them. There are swarms of artists with no employment; let the Minister make work for them; machinery, part of the inexorable and inevitable evolution of human conditions, has made things most uncomfortable for art; let the Minister see to it—and so on. Were art enjoying a boom we should have heard no clamouring for outside protection.

Accepting for a moment that the favourable conditions of the good old times have gone. Can they be regained by appointing a Minister for Art? Supposing that owing to natural developments and changes the mildness of our English climate were replaced in three hundred years by a distressing condition. It is quite unlikely that a Minister for Weather would restore the old delightful temperatures. The most he could effect would be to encourage adaptation. So if art is in unprecedentedly bad circumstances (I privately suspect it always has been) the Minister may do something in this way. But, after all, the chief responsibility rests with artists. If they can take long views and fix their gaze on the bettering of British art, rather than on the artificial culture of good commercial times, all will in the end go well. But if art cannot adapt itself to naturally developed conditions it will meet at Nature's

hands with the usual fate of useless things; no exception will be made.

For my part I suspect that save in details of financial organisation the establishment of a Minister for Art would leave things much as they have always been. The mediocre and academic influence on public works and art industries would probably be strengthened, but living and progressive art, faithful to its long tradition, would continue to break through and triumph, not because of but in spite of the Minister for Art.

#### UNDER THE LINDENS.

BERLIN was on the stroll that warm summer evening. In the broad Tauenzienstrasse, between six and seven o'clock, the pavements were thronged with lightly dressed women. Men, too, were there, wearing their thinnest clothing. Their white serge suits and cool grey or white felt hats increased the gay and summer-like appearance of the Berlin street. Down the centre of the wide Strasse trams passed over the greensward, which concealed the lines and gave a cool and refreshing look to the street. Packed to overflowing were those trams—packed with people returning from their *Ausflüge* into the country, their hands full of wild flowers. For Berlin had vacated its houses that hot day. Berlin was in the streets.

Over the roofs of the houses, its aluminium sides shining white in the dying rays of the sun, sailed a long cigar-shaped Zeppelin, and the men and women in the street lifted their eyes for a moment from the dresses of their companions and the fascinating shop windows to admire it as it passed low and steadily over the town. It was but an addition to the joy of the life in the streets, for all was gay, happy, indolent, on that evening when the lindens bloomed in Berlin.

Suddenly an open motor turned wildly into the street and a bare-headed man flung out printed sheets to the strolling crowd. Other cars—private ones—chased after him to overtake and secure the news which he was so excitedly distributing. As the printed sheets came flying out the people in the streets ceased strolling. They ran; and those who were lucky enough to pick up a paper were immediately surrounded by an enquiring crowd. How women, who a moment before were taking tiny steps in proportion to the width of their scanty skirts, now hastened to hear the news! Men ran: little children ran. Berlin no longer strolled. One saw by the faces of those who already knew the news that something serious had happened, and going up to where the man in the car, now stationary, was flinging out more printed sheets, one managed to get a paper and read in large black letters, "Der Herzog Franz Ferdinand und seine Gemahlin sind ermordert"! Then, as looking around one knew by the seriousness of the people's faces what the news meant to the Germans. A husband and wife had been murdered that very morning. That was horrible enough. But something else troubled them, and when one heard a few words repeated from mouth to mouth, by strangers, who in the horror of the moment had fraternised, it was easy to understand. "He was the friend of the Kaiser", they said. "What will happen now?" Had a bomb been thrown into this strolling crowd it could not have scattered them more completely than did this news.

That same evening, a few hours later, we strolled along the Sieges-Allée, in the blue light which comes between evening and night. The scent of the blossoming limes hung heavy on the night air as we passed under the trees. Women and men, in their thin summer clothes, looked in that curious half light, which was accentuated by the lamps along the Allée, like people moving in some Eastern play. As they passed under the trees—officers in their gay uniforms, women in fragile white dresses—blue shadows fell upon them, and they became moving figures in some great pageant. In the distance—at the end of the long Allée—rose the

great monument erected to Victory, its column looking more slender and lofty than in reality as it stood out against the Eastern-looking sky.

The assassination seemed forgotten. Berlin was again strolling—strolling under the lime trees on this wonderful summer night. The smell of those limes reminded one of a little village in Hessen, where there stands an ancient lime under which the peasants dance—dance to the strains of a wheezing violin. Round and round that old Dorfsünden, which sends down its sweet perfume, trip Mädchen in their gay peasant costume, and young men, who too have donned their best blue smocks, whilst the older people look on and stamp the time with their feet and clink glasses. How they love their dance "Unter den Linden" over there.

But when we reached the street "Unter den Linden"—if a street it can be called—we saw crowds waiting outside a news office for more details of the assassination. Then a bare-headed woman came out, her arms filled with a bundle of papers. The crowd, which had evidently been waiting long for her to make an appearance, closed in on her. For a moment she was lost, then the people divided, evidently satisfied. Men and women stood still in the centre of the street, or blocked up the pavement, all intent on reading. They were oblivious to everything around.

Others, wishing to get away to read the news, clutched their yet unread papers and moved off to the centre of the street, where there are seats under the lime trees. And there they sat and read in the dim light thrown from the shops. The benches were full. There were well dressed women, shabbily dressed women, and men of all kinds. Some had their heads slightly thrown back in order to see better, others bent over the print in feverish anxiety. Not a word was exchanged—they only wished to read. So we left them, reading, reading, on that summer night when the scent of the limes came down to mingle in the busy life.

#### MOTORING.

##### ROUTES IN FRANCE.—III.\*

By HENRY J. HECHT.

THIS is one of the finest and fastest roads in north-eastern France, with few villages, while Châlons-sur-Marne, Vitry-le-François, St. Dizier, and Toul are the only towns of any note on the route.

From Reims to the Fort de la Pimelle the route is the same, as to Verdun, described in the previous article. Here we take the right-hand road to Le Petit Sillery, passing some fine villas belonging to members of the wealthy champagne firms of Reims. From Beaumont through Les Petites Loges, Les Grandes Loges, and La Veuve to Châlons it is a broad switch-back and perfectly straight highway. In the clear morning air, with the sunlit sky dotted with fleecy clouds above, it is a joyous experience to drive a powerful car along this wondrous grey ribbon of road stretching ahead, now uphill, now downhill, but always perfectly straight, as though ruled with a pencil. We enter Châlons (41 kil. from Reims), the capital of the Department of the Marne, and note by the huge barracks that it is an important garrison town. Here was fought the tremendous battle of Châlons between the ferocious hordes of Attila, King of the Huns, and the Romans under Aëtius and Theodoric, King of the Visigoths. This can really be termed one of the most decisive in the world's history. Châlons possesses an interesting old church with two towers, Notre Dame, dating from the 12th century. The old-fashioned Hôtel de la Haute-Mère-Dieu, in the Place de la République, is quite a comfortable hostelry, with a fine selection of champagne in its cellars.

The road from Châlons to Vitry-le-François (76 kil. from Reims) is absolutely perfect; there is a long ascent to Gravelines, but otherwise only gentle undulations. At Vitry begins the Rhine and Marne Canal, which ends near Strassburg. Vitry is a dull little

\* Reims to Nancy (205 kilometres = 128 miles), and the watering-places of the Vosges Mountains.



country town; there is, however, quite a decent little inn, the Hôtel de la Cloche, in the Rue de Frignicourt, where the writer has more than once had an excellent déjeuner.

The next thirty kilometres to St. Dizier are level and once more absolutely straight. St. Dizier itself, on the River Marne, is a somewhat busier place, with large iron foundries. The Hôtel du Soleil d'Or, in the Place d'Armes (no small French provincial town exists without its "Place d'Armes"), is clean and comfortable, and the excellent choice of vegetables at these small French inns is surprising.

Leaving St. Dizier, the country is hilly and well wooded, and the road is in magnificent condition the whole way to Toul. There are two winding descents where care should be taken—one before La Houpette and another approaching Ligny-en-Barrois, a picturesquely situated little town, the scene of one of Napoleon's last successes in 1814. Toul (77 kil. from St. Dizier and 182 from Reims) is one of the most powerful fortresses on the eastern frontier, and one of the oldest towns in Lorraine. Originally the Roman camp of Tullum, it came under Frankish rule in the 5th century, and later on formed, with Verdun and Metz, the country known as "The Three Bishoprics". It has narrow, crooked streets, and its numerous cafés are full of officers sipping their coffee, the Hôtel de Metz being one of their favourite rendezvous. The two striking churches of St. Gengoult and St. Etienne attract the eye.

The road to Nancy passes through the Porte Moselle, and is rather bumpy for the first few kilometres, on account of the constant military operations conducted in the neighbourhood; but the surface improves afterwards, and a broad highway through the Forêt de la Haye brings us to the outskirts of the fascinating and wealthy city of Nancy (205 kil. from Reims). We enter downhill by the Rue de Toul, passing the railway station and following the Rue Stanislas into the Place Stanislas, where the Grand Hotel, recently modernised and exceedingly comfortable, is situated. Undoubtedly the Place Stanislas, laid out about the middle of the 18th century by Stanislas Leszczyński (Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland), is one of the finest squares to be seen in any city. It is surrounded by imposing buildings, and is entered on all sides through magnificent wrought-iron and gilt gateways; there are numerous beautiful fountains and a fine statue to Stanislas, the great benefactor of the city, in the very centre of the Place. In the Hôtel de Ville there is quite a good collection of Dutch masterpieces and examples of the early French school. The city also possesses a famous university and a celebrated school of forestry (one of the few in France), which is supposed to be the equal of some of the best on the other side of the Rhine. Nancy is a busy place and there is plenty of life here; it differs materially in this respect from many French provincial cities, where the grass almost grows in the streets. The inhabitants are prosperous and enjoy life, and the crowds in the Place Stanislas on a fine summer evening, when the bands of some of the crack regiments are playing, are well dressed—almost Parisian—and very merry. Decidedly several pleasant days can be spent in Nancy as headquarters for short motor tours into the Vosges and its celebrated watering-places.

The roads from Nancy in all directions are satisfactory; of the many important routes into Germany, the most famous is that leading via Epinal and Gérardmer over the Col de la Schlucht, one of the highest passes in the Vosges to Colmar and the Grand Duchy of Baden. A perfectly level road, following the valley of the Moselle for 70 kilometres, brings us to Epinal. The grandiloquent names of many of the villages passed, such as Roville-devant-Bayon and Bainville-aux-Miroirs, are not borne out by anything in their construction, as they are one and all insignificant and unattractive. Charmes is a small country town with a pretty old church; but otherwise there is nothing to detain the motorist until Epinal is reached. The capital of the Department of the Vosges

is an important garrison town, containing a museum of Roman antiquities and a fair picture-gallery. The Hôtel du Louvre is a comfortable hostelry.

Several roads lead to Gérardmer; the one which the writer has found the best ascends along the delightful valley of the Vologne through the woods which cover the outlying spurs of the Vosges, passing through Arches, Pouxieux, and Le Tholy. Gérardmer itself, situated at an altitude of some 2,000 ft. on the ravishing little lake of the same name, is quite the favourite resort for excursions into the Vosges Mountains. The hotels are crowded with tourists in summer, and it is necessary to order rooms beforehand; of the numerous hotels, the Hôtel du Lac may be counted one of the best.

The road to the summit of the Schlucht just follows the Lac de Gérardmer and then the adjoining Lac de Longemer, rising steadily all the time, but never very steeply. After passing the winter custom-house at Longemer, which is in use when the Col de la Schlucht is snow-bound, the climb becomes somewhat steeper as far as the summit (15 kil. from Gérardmer, 135 kil. from Nancy), which is 3,800 ft. above sea-level. The Franco-German frontier is at the top of the pass. The descent on the German side is extremely steep in places and there are some hairpin bends, which require great caution. A magnificent view over the broad Rhine valley is obtained from the Hotel Altenberg, a few minutes' run beyond the frontier; in the distance the majestic mountains of the Schwarzwald loom out of the haze.

From the Col de la Schlucht to Colmar is 35 kilometres, and thence via Neu-Breisach (where the motorist crosses the Rhine on a bridge of boats) to Freiburg-im-Breisgau is another 47 kilometres.

Returning to Epinal, should the tourist wish to visit some of the famous watering-places of the Vosges district, a run of some 30 kilometres through well-wooded country, following the River Moselle, and gradually ascending, leads to Plombières-les-Bains, where the thermal springs were already known to the Romans. Stanislas, Duke of Lorraine, first made its position as a fashionable watering-place, and more recently Napoleon III. visited the place frequently. The public baths are housed in a very fine building and splendid promenades are laid out, whilst pretty excursions abound in the neighbourhood. The principal hotels are the Métropole and the Grand Hôtel des Thermes. From Plombières a winding but beautiful road leads through the Forêt de Darney past Bains-les-Bains (another celebrated but somewhat smaller watering-place) to Contrexéville and Vittel, situated five kilometres apart, both visited every summer by many thousands for the cure. The altitude of all these places varies from 1,200 to 1,500 ft. The hotels are numerous and mostly on a level with those in fashionable watering-places all over Europe. Eleven kilometres beyond Contrexéville lies Martigny-les-Bains. The return journey to Epinal may be made via Remoncourt and Mirécourt through delightful scenery, the road ascending and descending constantly, without, however, encountering any steep hills. The total circular tour from Epinal amounts to about 150 kilometres, and is well worth doing.

Another favourite road for motorists from Nancy is that leading via St. Nicolas du Port and Lunéville to Ogéville, Blamont, Gogney (the French frontier), and Richeval (the German frontier) to Saarlouis, Zabern, and Strassburg. This is the easiest and one of the most direct roads into South Germany from Nancy, avoiding the steeper passes of the Vosges, the only hills of any note being those in the neighbourhood of the little town of Zabern, which was so much in the public eye last year.

On the whole, it may be said that the roads in north-eastern France are exceedingly good and the hotel accommodation very satisfactory. A great deal can be seen and enjoyed in the course of a few days; particularly pleasant are the early hours, say from seven until ten in the morning, when the air seems to have a specially delicious fragrance in the charming country of La Champagne and Lorraine.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## LORD ROBERTS AND THE NATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 July 1914.

SIR,—Serious people who have made light of the danger—even of the bare possibility—of the invasion of Great Britain, and have declared any form of national service quite uncalled for, must be somewhat shaken in their optimism to-day. Patriotic Liberals and patriotic Conservatives alike who have taken this view—and I know there are both—suddenly find the country faced by the prospect of a European war into which their country is quite likely to be drawn—into which, indeed, she is virtually bound in honour and in policy to be drawn should Russia and Germany take the field—and they must now feel that their country has no voluntary force which is really and fully capable of guarding us from invasion, with, quite probably, the flower of our regular Army engaged in assisting France, and—who knows?—saving one of our great Colonies at the other end of the world.

Lord Roberts's advice to the nation in the splendid message which he published through the SATURDAY REVIEW in the first week of this year could never be more in season than it is to-day.

Even now, I suppose, the optimists and thoughtless idlers who hate the idea of national service will not take the advice of the great and heroic soldier who saved the country thirteen or fourteen years ago. The threatened catastrophe is not yet real enough—they would wait till we are actually "the appanage of some foreign Power" before they agree to guard these shores against invasion!

The words in inverted commas, by the way, are not a Jingo's; they are Sir Edward Grey's, and were spoken by him, in scarcely veiled allusion to Germany, at a time far less critical perhaps than to-day.

It is sometimes said that a nation has the great men it deserves. But the saying is of doubtful truth. The nation, for example, has Lord Roberts: but who can say that, skulking away as it does from the plain, simple duty of national service—which all other great countries agree to—it is worthy of Lord Roberts?

Yours faithfully,

A SOLDIER'S SON.

## FOOD SUPPLY IN WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22, Baxter Avenue,

Southend-on-Sea.

30 July 1914.

SIR,—I think that you will consider the present time opportune for my asking the nation to ponder its slavish, nay, criminal-like dependence upon foreign Powers for its food supply.

I have held, rightly or wrongly, for many years past that in spite of England's Fleet our food supply in war time would be always in danger. This danger has been immeasurably increased since the advent of the airship, with its bombs. In the autumn of 1908 a letter appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW from me anent this phase of the question. That with the combined efforts of the Dreadnoughts and the airship one in a hundred of our food transports would get through the enemy's lines I, for one, absolutely refuse to believe.

How necessary is it, then, that the nation should be engaged in cultivating the land scientifically, and produce from it the maximum of foodstuffs. At present it must be admitted that we are only producing a minimum of all. Till we are producing a maximum may I urge the Unionist Party to bring pressure to bear upon the Government at once to establish granaries for the storage of wheat, etc., and also for tinned provisions of all kinds, sufficient for a year's supply, trusting to the scientific cultivation of the land in future to feed the people in great part? It was the late General Sir Arthur Cotton's opinion (with whom I was

associated some time previous to his death in distributing his pamphlet on "Deep Cultivation") that, making every allowance for bog, forest, and morass, these islands could produce sufficient food to feed 200,000,000 of souls. Be this as it may, it is incontestable that we could feed twice the present population were the land cultivated on Sir Arthur Cotton's system. Should Russia at this juncture cause a European conflagration, then we should speedily find out what a rotten reed we have been relying upon in our Navy for safeguarding our foreign food supply. Alas! I should have to say it. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." We have never more than two months' food supply in hand. If the war lasted no longer, we should have a chance to conquer our foe; if beyond this period, then we should be vanquished by simple starvation. I need not trouble to paint the resulting pandemonium in the nation, your readers can do this easily enough for themselves.

Yours faithfully,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

## SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 July 1914.

SIR,—In one of his articles on Shakespeare Mr. Dewar recognised with gratitude the imperfections, as well as the splendours, of Shakespeare. He is thankful not only for the best, but for the not so good, and even for the frankly inferior. He would not, I understand, sacrifice the most indifferent line in the most indifferent play. He is glad, even, that Shakespeare did not prune, and polish, and refine for the sake of posterity, but left his manuscripts, much as the ostrich—is it the ostrich?—leaves its eggs on the sand, to be printed perhaps as badly as anything has been printed before or since.

I agree with Mr. Dewar the more heartily because I have always considered that Shakespeare is Shakespeare largely because he is loftily indifferent to all these quilllets of literary law. Few sensible people, one hopes, are still to be found to regard everything in "Shakespeare" as sublime. There is much in the plays little better than the average of the greater Elizabethans. Marlowe and Beaumont and Fletcher at their best are little short of Shakespeare at his second best; and there are things in them far finer than Shakespeare at his worst. Ben Jonson I leave out of account, simply because he can scarcely be compared with Shakespeare, but only contrasted. It is true that Shakespeare never put any of his true self into a play without achieving either matchless melody or matchless majesty. But he was first and foremost a workman, and had few of the weaknesses of the purely literary man. He wrote plays to be acted; he probably wrote many of them in a hurry; and, like a workman, he saved himself as much trouble as possible. The pride of the best kind of workman he had to the full; the job must be done well—but it must be done. There could be no lying in bed for a fortnight, as with Flaubert, to compose his mind; no month's hesitation, like Mackintosh's, between "utility" and "usefulness". The thing had to be finished; actors and spectators were waiting for it; it was hammered out in haste and stress, though with sure and cunning blows. Shakespeare usually found the right word at once; but if it did not come he seems not to have searched for it. He wrote, as Mark Antony spoke, "right on"; he was no orator of the Brutus school.

To me Shakespeare, in fact, though he produced the greatest of literature, had more in common with the barrister, or say the journalist, than with the man of letters. I imagine him preparing one of his plays for the stage much as Johnson did his drudgery for the booksellers, much as Sir Rufus Isaacs thought out his brief in some big case, much as Scott wrote a dozen or so of his novels, much as a modern book-maker of the brilliant type uses the raw material of a "life". He was earning money, and taking as short a course as possible, consistent with his self-respect. I imagine him taking an old play, just as Nicholas Nickleby took his French play, with a view to "adapting" it. What he could use of the original he did; there are



occasionally whole scenes where one can detect nothing specially Shakespearean. But then one comes on a point where one can almost hear the master mutter, "This won't do at all". So far his pen has done little more than prune a redundancy or sharpen a retort. Now he begins to put his whole self into the business; and as he gets more and more interested the worried hack of the theatre forgets all about Burbage and Bankside, all about the groundlings and the "clapper-clawing" vulgar, forgets even the distant vision of gentlemanly retirement to Stratford-on-Avon. The mood of exaltation lasts, perhaps, through two or three splendid scenes—and then he goes to the tavern, like a good workman who feels that he has earned a few glasses of solace. It is not time wasted with him; are there not Falstuffs and Pistols and Bardolphs and Nymms enough there, and perhaps a Shallow seeking the pleasures of town, or a consequential beadle like Dogberry? But when he gets back to work once more, he has the workman's "Monday feeling", and there is journeyman work for a space.

Irreverent? I think not. Surely if there is an unkind way of belittling a great man, it is that very assumption that he was not a man, but a singing bird, a supreme set of brains and vocal chords without heart, or stomach, or bowels. There are modern writers, barren and biting as the east wind, of whom such a view might seem comparatively reasonable; yet we know—often on the authority of patent medicine testimonials—that they, too, suffer from headache, and indigestion, and excess of acid in the system. Admit that Shakespeare had the greatest brain—and, what is more, the greatest heart—of his age; and it is still certain that he was a man, and not an archangel. Is he not more majestic so—turning out those wonderful plays as part of a day's work—perhaps not, to him, the most important part? I for one cannot think of Shakespeare as having any affinity with the precious writer, the hunter of the right word, the anxious, self-conscious worker in word-mosaics. He had to make a living; he hit the public taste; and that he was not merely the Walter Melville of his day was simply due to the one fact that he was a great master of melody and a genius.

His genius largely revealed itself in a wondrous knack of tearing the heart out of anything. The Baconians argue that the classical learning in his plays was beyond a man of his upbringing. The lawyer critics hint that he showed an uncanny knowledge of legal terms, which Bacon would understand, but not a poor actor from Stratford. Philosophers discover in "Measure for Measure", "The Tempest", and elsewhere an acquaintance with the more abstruse speculations of his age. But there is nothing that the supreme barrister-mind or book-maker-mind could not easily grasp. A few days in Westminster Hall would make Shakespeare lawyer enough for his purpose; after a single visit he could make Hamlet talk legal jargon better than Bacon could have made Falstaff and Prince Hal play the fool after ten years of study in an Eastcheap tavern. Scraps saved from his school-days, reinforced by the reading translations from the Latin and Greek, would give him a command of antique parable and metaphor, not stiffly pedantic, like Jonson's, but vital and human. A study of Florio's Montaigne would open to him wider vistas of thought, and give him that universal outlook of which there is no glimpse in "Venus and Adonis" or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", but which dignifies those later plays in which the profound thought is wedded to the stately line.

If Shakespeare had troubled to correct his proofs with vast care, if he had rewritten some passages with an anxious eye to his fame, we might have had a still finer set of plays, considered from a purely literary point of view. But we should have missed something of the gaiety and the sparkle of his prose; the splendid lightness of heart that makes even buffoonery vital; the black gloom of the plays of one stage of the poet's development; the high and serene cheerfulness, as of victory over life and death, that illuminates his latest work. It would all, no doubt, have been neater and smoother, but—not the same.

I am, etc.,

E. R. THOMPSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

139, North Olive Street,  
Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

8 July 1914.

SIR,—May I refer Judge Evans and those interested in the Shakespeare Sonnets to Dr. Richard M. Bucke's "Cosmic Consciousness" (L. N. Fowler and Co.)? His theory is that cosmic—or God—consciousness is the latest human faculty which is now coming to the birth. All the great souls who have moved and influenced the world for good have been examples of it, and as the years pass it is becoming more and more general. He claims that the writer of the Plays and Sonnets was one of these illumined men, and that the earlier sonnets were addressed to the cosmic sense, as Walt Whitman addressed it in "Leaves of Grass". He cites many of them with full explanatory remarks. It is most interesting and instructive, and is certainly the most rational explanation of their meaning yet advanced.

Yours, etc.,

A. K. VENNING.

JOHN MORLEY AND JOSEPH KNIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Metropole, Cromer.

SIR,—Your last issue contains an interesting paragraph in which a correspondent speaks of Lord Morley's literary beginnings in London, and mentions that "he and a friend virtually wrote between them all the reviews in a literary weekly of that day" (the early 'sixties). The "Literary Gazette" was the weekly, and I think it well to add that the "friend" was Joseph Knight. With no academic advantages behind him Knight was far ahead of his time in knowledge of English prose and poetry—especially things not so accessible then as now and treasured in his capacious library or equally capacious memory. But Knight was unfitted for personal success in the literary arena, since he objected to advertising himself, saw the best side of everybody, and (stranger still) never took advantage of intimacy to produce exciting "copy", the sort of stuff that, as Disraeli said bitterly, has the savour of an ancient friendship. The more reason now that he is dead not to forget him.

His reminiscences of the Morley of those early days did not lack interest, and may be published some day.

Yours sincerely,

VERNON RENDALL.

MISS E. W. WILCOX'S POETRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fermanagh Club, Enniskillen,

26 July 1914.

SIR,—We are timid folk in these decadent days, and few there are amongst us with the courage to declare that we are doers of great things. How delightful, then, how exhilarating is the slashing attack of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox upon your critic! I hope he feels properly ashamed of himself. I hope he will instantly sit down—as I certainly shall when I return to the land of books—and seek out those "beautiful sonnets", "The Squanderer" and the "Gulf Stream", and revel in the "pure art" of "Stairways and Gardens"—what possibilities this suggests, by the way!

Miss Wilcox is not, however, correct in stating that "Poems of Problems" mark a new order of verse, with ideas and methods never before employed in the realm of poetry. There was a most estimable poet named Tupper, whose ideas and methods were strikingly similar. In fact, he and she may be said to shine together, twin stars in their own particular sky.

I can remember one line only of Miss Wilcox's poetry, but it haunts me. The gentleman who tells the story of his early wild oats is represented as listening to a duet sung by:

"Maud, my wife, and the Tenor McKay".

But, unfortunately, I always think of "Tenor McKay" as a pugilist, confusing him, I believe, with "Bandsman Blake".

In conclusion, let me again beg your reviewer to make himself "a bigger man and a more worth while critic" in the way Miss Wilcox recommends.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
CYRIL FALLS.

#### NATURE NOTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A Southerner," is quite correct in saying that the grey wagtail, *Motacilla melanope*, "is not so scarce as some people suppose" in the South of England, but his description of the bird as yellow-throated is somewhat misleading. The male has in the breeding season a black gorget above his canary-yellow breast. I know two places in the Itchen Valley and one in the Hamble Valley where this wagtail breeds regularly, and at least one other place in South Hampshire where it has nested within the last few years. All these nesting sites are close to falling water—to such humble waterfalls, natural or artificial, as our streams can boast. During many years of bird-watching I have never met with a prettier sight than a brood of newly-flown grey wagtails washing themselves in a shallow pool of clear water; the young birds are spotlessly clean and fair—dove-grey, ivory-white, and palest lemon—and their slender forms and swaying tails, and all their movements, are extraordinarily graceful.

A week or two ago you published a letter describing an encounter with a family of young peewits, or lapwings; possibly a brief account of the behaviour of two young peewits which I saw the other day in the New Forest may be of interest to your readers. I was walking along a forest track, where even in dry weather water stands owing to the presence of springs, when I came upon two peewits, in immature plumage and unable to fly, drinking from a little pool. The birds caught sight of me as soon as I caught sight of them, and they ran quickly towards the thick growth of bog-myrtle, bramble and briar which borders the track; one of them disappeared among the bushes, but the other, thinking that it had not time to gain cover, fell back on the device of becoming invisible. Had I not actually watched this peewit squat down in a narrow rut I should never have noticed it; it crouched on the ground, its mottled greenish-brown and black body flattened and its chin and tail pressed closely to the earth, and as it rested thus it seemed to sink into its surroundings, which it exactly matched. I walked up to the squatting bird and bent over it, and, rather unkindly perhaps, picked it up—still it only betrayed life by the involuntary blinking of an eye. After I put it down again and moved to a distance it lay motionless for some time before it recovered sufficiently from the shock to its nerves to be able to get up and run away.

Yours faithfully,  
E. M. WILLIAMS.

Winchester.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26 July 1914.

SIR,—It is well known—yet it remains one of the strangest and most sinister facts in wild nature—that the stoat often "charms" and stupifies its victims before seizing them. But this morning, whilst cycling down an overgrown and quiet green lane, I saw a young and very small stoat hunting a stupified young rabbit, and never before had I believed that the habit or power develops at such an early age. The stoat was hardly bigger—though, of course, longer—than a field mouse, whereas the rabbit must have been nearly half grown. Whilst the stoat pursued the rabbit, it was itself assailed by a chaffinch, which swooped and struck at the common enemy. My arrival on the scene ended the engagement. The rabbit and the stoat took cover in different directions, and the chaffinch flew off and attended to its own business. I waited long enough to get another glimpse of the little stoat, but clearly it was baffled and had lost touch of its quarry. It is hardly credible to me that it could have tackled and killed the rabbit, even if

the pursuit had not been interrupted; but evidently the "charming" power of the stoat begins to develop whilst it is yet little more than a baby, though I have never read or heard of a case like this.

Yours faithfully,  
A SPORTSMAN.

#### "THE BOXING FIASCO."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastry, Kent,  
28 July 1914.

SIR,—Your article of 18 July on this subject was most excellent, and I sincerely hope it may be read by thousands; but I must demur to your suggestion that boxing be made compulsory in schools. In the first place, there are many boys physically fit, and of good courage, for whom it is manifestly unsuitable. You cannot compel a boy or a man to be courageous, and forcing methods only end by defeating their object. Courage is a quality with many facets. The valour that is chiefly demanded in modern warfare and life generally is not that of the head-punching order; the bravest men nowadays are, as a rule, of the brainy, highly-strung type who would make but a poor show in the ring. Secondly, compulsory boxing encourages bullying of a peculiarly odious kind; the brainless lout who delights in "taking on" opponents who are no match for him, and virtually compels them to fight him, is no figment of the imagination.

The fact is that boxing, though a manly sport, labours under one fatal drawback. The ring is a place where the coarser organism obtains a crucial advantage over the finer, and the more highly developed type of human being goes down before the lower type; a thick skull is more essential to success than the brain which it encloses. Boxing, in a word, is a sport in which the white man is confessedly inferior to the negro.

Is it desirable to advertise this inferiority, as we are now doing? Why should the white man be at such infinite pains to boom a branch of athletics where he cannot meet the black with any prospect of success? And, lastly, is the sport itself intrinsically worth the fuss that is being made about it? Certain people—some of them by no means uninterested—cry out loudly that it is; the events of the last fortnight have convinced me, more than ever before, that it is not. The miserable affair at Olympia, with its orgy of puffery, its yelling, gasping crowds, its inconclusive ending, and its unseemly sequel of international bickering—to say nothing of the women spectators rendered hysterical by excitement and rapt contemplation of a boxer's muscular development—gave us more unpleasant reading than we have had for many a day.

Yours faithfully,  
H. E. S.

#### "MRS. EDDY'S GOSPEL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 July 1914.

SIR,—With regard to the review on "Modern Substitutes for Traditional Christianity", I cannot understand how anyone could find any sort of reflection on the real teaching of Christ. Wherever practical, the review seemed to me full of truth and common-sense, and only seemed to point out what was really false—in fact, Mrs. Eddy's special branch has been proved over and over again to be a profound lie, viz., "That there is no pain"; she may have had her own life and years of shamming in view, and certainly to persons of that kind the teaching may be most useful, but when it comes to the brushing away the knowledge of a lifetime and allowing your friends to die for the want of proper aid the law should step in, even though it may have to use the ugly term manslaughter. The Eddy Church's answer to their failures is "The world will encroach sometimes". The silly old world—that is, Nature—knows what it is about, and makes us remember when laws are broken, in spite of the Eddy followers offering to pray for us at the rate of a guinea or two per week. I should like to see all these people treated as fortune-tellers, as the



system only harbours a lot of lazy folk, who find it much easier to pocket their praying fee than the choosing of honest work.

Yours faithfully,  
PALMER DOWNING.

#### A MOTTO FOR LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

United University Club,  
Pall Mall East, S.W.,

27 July 1914.

SIR,—With regard to the motto for London, it is, as you say, rather for the County Council. Why not "*Citizens of no mean City*"? They are so, and the title is a "well-bred" and modest one. Or, if they can overcome their dislike to Latin (and the vulgate), "*Non ignotæ civitatis municipes*"!

Yours very truly,  
EDWIN A. EADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, Sussex,

27 July 1914.

SIR,—A motto is required for London, and an enquiry into the origin of the word "London" may be of some assistance in finding one.

It is first mentioned under the name of Londinium, and by Tacitus. During the reign of Nero he says that Londinium was famed as the resort of traders and for its wealth and commerce. It is the same now; therefore the motto might indicate that as one feature of London's life.

As to the origin of the name "London", some authorities derive it from Kaer Lud—that is, the City of Lud, or Lud-town. Others derive it from Llyn din—llyn a lake and din a town, as there was a lake on the south side in early times and before men were properly clothed. London may be said to be celebrated for commerce, wealth, and all that is good and all that is bad, and almost everything under the sun.

I am, sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
B. R. THORNTON.

#### A TURNER PICTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65, Friargate, Derby.

SIR,—I should be grateful if any of your readers can give me some information about a picture by Turner called "Sail and Steam on an Italian River". It is about 2 ft. 8 ins. long by 2 ft. high. A white sailed barque and a small red paddle steamer are in the middle distance. Under the quiet sunset sky the clear water and active riverside life of the foreground are bounded by an oak-scrub covered hill in the right background and a hill with a fortification on the left.

I shall be very glad of any news about its last public appearance or present whereabouts.

Yours truly,  
HELEN M. GREENE.

#### "THE CRITICS OF OPERA."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14, Coppice Drive, Harrogate.

SIR,—If the critics of opera are to be enrolled, as Mr. Garnett suggests in your issue of 4 July, into a single body doing impartial justice to all men and women, may I express the hope that the capacity they will fulfil shall be that of "*Arbitri Elegantiarum*" in preference to "*Arbitres Elegantiarum*". I am sure the "*Elegantiae*" will be more at home with the noun in the second declension.

Yours faithfully,  
H. L. HAYNES.

## REVIEWS.

### THE POETRY OF THE SEA.

"The Sea's Anthology." By J. E. Patterson. Heinemann. 2s. net.

IT was a Dodd of Chelsea who spoke of "that place they call the sea", and it was a Keeler of Folkestone who admitted that she had not seen the sea for sixteen years. There is nothing uninteresting or grand but thinking makes it so, and there are many to whom the sea is but undrinkable water. It is not our present intention to deride such people, for often enough their apathy at the thought of the sea is caused by a sublimely uncritical gregariousness which makes washing on a line more fascinating to them than the white fringes of multitudinous waves. But there are others to whom the sea means a refuge from the pressure of human personality and freedom for their eyes. They are not only tall buildings which shutter the day: the office of the skyscraper is the offence of all streets, and the sea offers something more precious than divers seek—a twofold liberty for eyes and mind. It taunts the telescope, and draws the mind away from the bacteriological tyranny of the minute. Looking seaward, we have a sense of a larger life even than ours and the sea's; the moon is seen as a queen, ruling the sea's wild cavalry as surely as if she were enthroned upon this planet. The sea is a subject whose freedom enfranchises more people than pirates. If there be joy in literary gratitude, there should not, while walls baffle and human rules and routines harass and chafe, be an end to the poetry of the sea.

But what about reading more than three hundred pages of sea-poetry? That is the question suggested by the title of Mr. Patterson's volume, and we answer it as favourably as Mr. Patterson, himself an experienced reviewer, can expect. His anthology has the merit of variety, of witnessing to explorative industry; it is not, like so many anthologies, a bunch picked in a conservatory. His notes, sometimes sharply critical, are informed by practical seamanship; thanks to Mr. Patterson, Mr. Ashby Sterry's burlesque nautical song should in future be less reliable as a "take-in" for the audience of a facetious elocutionist. We observe misquotations on pp. 65, 96, 115, 288, a misascription on p. 211; and we disagree with notes on pp. 78, 121, 171. Limiting his selection to poems written before 1851, Mr. Patterson was obliged to omit much exquisite verse, which, like Swinburne's, reflects the beauty of the sea, ignoring almost entirely the technique of navigation. We have no fault to find with this time-limit, as it enabled the anthologist to find room for much racy anonymous verse and much that is treasureable, though scarcely more "literary" than the "*tirra lirra*" of a happy knight or the humming of a happy housemaid.

The commonest aspect of the sea to the plain man is that of a carrying vehicle, and to the plain poet the object of sea-poetry is to set to verbal tunes the deeds and experiences of those whom it carries. In a song called "*Carrying Pylgryms*", conjecturally dated about 1450, the tune could only be sustained by an accomplished metrist, but the lyre is laid down immediately after the thrilling statement that

"The pumpe was ny oure beddes hede—  
A man wer us goode to bee dede,  
As smel thereof the stynk."

Similarly a later poet, accusing through the mouth of a Greenland sailor his captain of inhumanity, records the punishment inflicted on complainants, adding lamely but gruesomely,

"And when we faint, to bring us back  
They give us broth so strong,  
The which does not creepers lack  
To usher it along."

In patriotic sea-poetry the sea is as a rule only an

insecure stage for the combatants, though J. Wignell informed his readers that

"Neptune, with wonder, heard the story  
Of George's sway and Britain's glory,"

and cried "Great George shall rule for me!" It must be admitted, however, that the sea is never lost in our mental picture of England's naval triumphs. The mysticism of trust has made the ship like some living step-child of Neptune. When in the ballad brave, mutilated Benbow says,

"Let my cradle now in haste  
On the quarter-deck be plac'd,  
That my enemies be fac'd  
Till I'm dead, till I'm dead,"

one instinctively sees him facing the sea as a man half-conscious of a capricious friend. Certain it is that Britannia's control of the waves is one of our most cherished and plausible romances, and one from which it is to be hoped that recent gigantic calamities have not shaken the magical power to hearten and inspire. Dibdin, whose ignorance of nautical phraseology Mr. Patterson exposes, can hardly be expected to sustain that romance, however, when he chirps,

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft  
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack."

Song seems native to the sea, where rhythm is constantly visible, and sailors have a hearty readiness to sing that contrasts very favourably with the reluctance to exhibit the musicianship of the voice which makes so many landsmen pose, when asked to sing, as philanthropists who charitably refrain from making discordant noises. The chancies sung in hoisting and at other nautical work are as nearly as possible non-mental, queer lyrical outbursts from jocund arms and legs. As thus:—

"O whiskey drowned my old grey aunt—  
Whiskey! Johnny!  
O whiskey drowned my old grey aunt—  
Whiskey for me, Johnny!"

These chancies tell us, like more elaborate songs, that dreariness, ugliness, catastrophe were or are alchemically turned into the common sailor's mirth. His smile alights on the fever that snatched the gold miner from his gold, on the sweetheart spending his half-pay while housekeeping for a rival, on the brutal mate who will "ride you down, as you ride the spanker".

There is an agonising ballad by J. Grainger, said to be founded on fact, relating how an impatient lover was bitten in two by a shark while swimming from his ship to his sweetheart watching him on shore. "His half sprang from the waves", and the singer of his fate is solemnised by its horror. But the shark's skill at truncation and decapitation is not without its humorous suggestiveness, and for those who sing the chancies—for the real seasoned salt of the fore-castle—there is a ballad of man and shark where the tragedy is thus stated and celebrated:—

"We hove Ben out some tackling,  
Of saving him in hopes;  
But the shark he bit off his head,  
So he couldn't see the ropes.  
Singing chip-cho, cherry-cho,  
Fol-de-riddle-ido!"

It is pleasant to turn from the gross realities of sea-life to the beauty which has won the sea the love of multitudes who cannot swim. There are times when the "rude sea" that "grew civil" at the mermaid's song seems beautiful enough to inspire belief in mermaids, though the ear strain vainly to hear one note of the song that makes fear forget its sentryship. There are times when even Aphrodite seems not too lovely or too amorous to have sprung from the sea:—

"Flowers on flowers that the whole world's bowers may show not,  
here may the sunset show.  
Lightly graven in the waters paven with ghostly gold by the  
clouds aglow."

We wish that Mr. Patterson had been able to put more of the fanciful witchery of the sea into his collection. Despite the presence of Shelley's Arethusa, we searched it in vain for the charm of divine Greek myths. Still

our anthologist does not fail to present the mermaid both as lover and slayer. A Scottish ballad of "a witless knight" decoyed to death by a mermaid amuses by the curious inappropriateness of the sound of the dialect to the mermaid's vocal reputation:—

"Sae couthie, couthie did she look,  
And meikle had she fleeced;  
Out shot his hand—alas! alas!  
Fast in the swirl he screeched."

We note with some amusement the numerous appearances of Whitman in this anthology. He deposits his matter before the reader in some such fashion as shingle is deposited on the drier and higher parts of a beach. The exaltation of his art as distinct from his thought would be an anarchic uplifting: the art of song would reel. Still he mutters and rumbles things noble and true, though not without affectation; and his "grass" is an antidote to a kind of art which produces little images called after greater things than the image-makers understand. On the whole, however, we prefer the Byronic address to the sea, so full of homage to a superior aristocrat, to the American's expression of sympathy with a great weeper and seeker.

It is a truism to say that we do not know the sea by looking at it or by drinking it or by listening to it. For aught we know, it may have sighed to hear the prophetic voice of Mrs. Hemans in her most perfect lyrical crescendo, and, again, it may have smiled when the Walrus asked "why the sea is boiling hot". What we do know is that its dangerousness has caused it to remain through centuries a place and symbol of liberty. It is praised by greater than human poets: it is praised by great fundamental principles of happiness by which men live.

#### THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER.

"The Great Society: A Psychological Analysis." By Graham Wallas. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

"THIS may be observed in this Wilfrith", says Thomas Fuller, "his *παράγγραφα* were better than his *ἔργα*, his casual and occasional were better than his intentional performances". If Mr. Wallas will not object to be compared with Saint Wilfrid, we will confess that the byways of his book, the illustrations and chance sayings, seem to us of truer interest and value than its professed theme and argument. Psychology has been for long experimental, but social psychology is one of those modern dream-sciences which rouse all the instincts of corrective scepticism, and Mr. Wallas, to do him justice, is himself so far free from its spell that he writes uneasily when he is advancing his quasi-philosophical terminologies and most naturally when his mind is running after some concrete fact. He does his best to be a philosopher, but cheerfulness will keep breaking in. Was it Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that he listened to a sermon as a dog goes with a carriage, following the main track, but making many happy little side excursions of his own?

After a pessimistic chapter on the great modern state, or complex of states, which he calls "the Great Society", Mr. Wallas devotes the first part of his book to an analysis of the human dispositions which govern the actions of man as a social being. The object of social psychology he defines as being "to guide human action", or "to forecast, and therefore to influence, the conduct of large numbers of human beings organised in societies". This definition at once makes clear the limitations and the difficulties of the science. The desire to guide human action implies a definite aim and ideal, and the discussion of such an ideal brings in ethics and philosophy to direct the scientist's efforts and perhaps to rule out as inadmissible the methods which he advises. Moreover, the acquisition of such knowledge as will enable a man to predict the conduct of whole classes or peoples involves not only extended observation but the calculation of admittedly variable factors. The psychologist can tell us much as



to the "appropriate stimuli" which bring into activity certain human instincts, and from such knowledge he may argue that in certain environments certain types of character will be produced. But to predict on the grand scale he must know both human dispositions and the environment that will be in existence when the man will have to react to the stimulus if the prophecy is to be fulfilled. As to the difficulty of knowing the first of these uncertainties Mr. Wallas is clear. "The facts of human nature which are of the greatest importance to the social psychologist are just those to which laboratory methods are least applicable. It is almost impossible to arrange a series of identical experiments to illustrate the working of patriotism or ambition or the property instinct or artistic and intellectual creativeness." We doubt if he recognises as fully the difficulty of foreseeing the environment, or, in other words, of forecasting those changes in civilisation produced by invention and war which alter the whole mental atmosphere as well as the material surroundings in which the "complex dispositions" of man have to operate. In some of his most eloquent pages Mr. Wallas writes on the lack of harmony between man and the world. "In our time the coming of the Great Society has created an environment in which, for most of us, neither our instinctive nor our intelligent dispositions find it easy to discover their most useful stimuli." He goes on to argue that the main task of civilisation is to produce a new environment whose stimulation of our existing dispositions shall tend towards a good life. It was exactly with that object that the Great Society was itself evolved, but its defects were not foreseen, and although we may have faith in progress there does not seem any reason for believing that social psychology, or any other science, will enable man either to conceive a perfect harmony between himself and the world or to bring that harmony into existence if its terms and conditions could be discovered. "Baulked dispositions" and "inappropriate stimuli" are new names for very old and familiar ills.

Mr. Wallas is on surer ground when he is criticising other social psychologists who have gone before, especially those who have made one human disposition the foundation of a complete sociological scheme. "Just as Thales took Water as his single all-sufficient cause, and Anaximenes took Air; so Hobbes took Fear; Bentham, Pleasure-Pain; Comte, Love; and Tarde, Imitation." On all these schools Mr. Wallas has much shrewd and entertaining criticism to offer, as well as on those habit-philosophers, of whom he takes Sir Henry Maine as a type, who believe that custom is the one safeguard against anarchy. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Wallas goes to the Greeks for his most telling points. "Virtue, for Aristotle, is not mere habit, but a 'condition of settled moral choice', which, while it includes habit, also includes what Plato calls philosophy." Bentham, although long the cock-shy of the schools, is still so influential among Englishmen that he naturally receives full attention. "The conscious intellectual life of the average Englishman", Mr. Wallas wittily and truly says, "is still often spent among the ruins of Utilitarianism". Against the Benthamite doctrines that pain is merely the negation of pleasure and that happiness is the extension of pleasure in time, Mr. Wallas argues that pain and pleasure are sensations which can co-exist, and that they are different from the "feeling-tones" of pleasantness and unpleasantness, while happiness and unhappiness are "a third pair of states of consciousness" different in kind from the sensations and the "feeling-tones". Here, again, Mr. Wallas calls Aristotle in aid, and, quoting his famous definition of happiness as an energy of the soul "trained in virtue and acting in a duly ordered material environment", shows that the Greek could identify happiness with social good, but that Bentham could never fill up the logical gulf between pleasure as the ruling individual motive and "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" as the basis of social organisation. "Individual pleasure has no obvious

dependence on social good." As Henry Sidgwick put it, there was a profound discrepancy in the system of Bentham and Mill "between the natural end of action—private happiness, and the end of duty—general happiness". Mr. Wallas himself would, we gather, regard happiness as consisting in the appropriate stimulation of all human dispositions. These dispositions are inherited from the days "when wild in woods the naked savage ran", and Mr. Wallas seems to disregard the Tennysonian aspiration for the death of the ape and tiger, and to consider it advisable that even anger and hatred should receive some gratification. They still, he thinks, have some survival value, and if altogether baulked create a "nervous strain". It is clear that the possibility of a great European war broods over his mind, but he finds it very difficult to overcome the argument that perpetual peace would leave the warlike dispositions permanently unstimulated and would therefore be inconsistent with a good life. His main answer to the argument is that war gives insufficient satisfaction to the fighting instincts because often under modern conditions you do not see your enemy, and perhaps do not even hate him.

The upshot of Mr. Wallas's analysis is that he shows himself a good follower of Plato and would make philosophers kings. "Thought in the great sense, the long-continued concentration of the profound thinker in which new knowledge is made available for the guidance of human life, is required as it has never been required before." The State must not trust to the appearance of Thought as a bye-product of religion or teaching or private wealth, but must undertake "the deliberate provision of the material conditions of thinking". When the new environment has been created and when dispositions are no longer baulked we imagine that the profession of endowed thinker will be popular, and yet very likely the new thought will come from some unhappy outsider still struggling with an untoward fate. The penny-in-the-slot principle will never be universally successful. But Mr. Wallas has some very wise things to say on the art of thought and many illuminating suggestions in the last part of the book on the organisation of thought, will and happiness. He has himself had much practical experience, at least in the towns, among all classes of society, and he is fortunate in having kept his mind free from the current dictates and shibboleths of parties and coteries. His bias towards "thought on the great scale" makes him inclined to favour an expert bureaucracy, and he seems to feel an almost savage contempt for Parliamentary debates, which are so much less adapted for the search after truth than the group discussions perfected in Athens, but so rare to-day. Mr. Wallas seems to have been influenced chiefly by Greek thought and by the very active American school of experimental psychology, and from both the old and the new world he has brought treasures of apt and varied suggestion to illuminate his most interesting book.

#### PERSIA TO REGENT STREET.

"The Orient Express." By A. Moore. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

IN a brief and brilliant preface we are told how and why the writer wrote his book, and the incident at Budapest which gave him a title for it. The work itself fulfils the promise of the preface, which not all books do. Events and adventures are forcibly recalled with pungent and humorous comment, though the narrative is somewhat disconnected and inconsequent. To begin with, the author starts at the wrong end of his journey, quite beyond the limits of the sphere of activity of the Wagons-Lits Company, and concludes with a queer experience in the den of a Regent Street fortune-teller, that has no more to do with the Orient Express, or recent events in the East, than the fanciful relation of the author's dream-conversations with Cyrus and Alexander the Great. These three chapters

are excrescent, and if they were required to make up the allotted number of pages might perhaps have been better added as an appendix, an evil sometimes as great in literature as in anatomy.

In January, 1909, Mr. Moore, "half dead with cold, and more than half blind with snow, fell into Tabriz" just before the roads were shut, and the siege by the troops of the Shah began. To this we were indebted for the graphic accounts, now reproduced, which reached Europe at the time of the desperate struggle between the conflicting elements in the constitutional upheaval. They give an inimitable picture of that extraordinary war, with its serio-comic aspects and its grave political consequences, its inadequate military and civil leaders, and its scratch armies of combatants, not one out of every ten of whom were really intent on fighting to win, or had any idea of how to compass that end. The grim story of the capture and death of Arshad ed Dowleh, preceded by the futile night of friendly talking, is a typical illustration of Persian character and warfare.

The Persian half of the book before us is an admirable model of the art of travel-writing, and, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham, the author conjures up the spirit of the East, and saturates his pages with its peculiar intoxicating perfumes, whilst at the same time he always contrives to bring into relief the true political inwardness of his situations. The explanation of Sir E. Grey's desire for the independence of Persia is maliciously simple, and Mr. Moore's logical conclusion is that, after all, "the future of the country lies with England and Russia. Their policy cuts too deep for change, and actual independence is a vain dream. It is plain that the two Powers are now set in a position, or upon a path, from which there will be no retreat, and their duty towards the world, and towards the unhappy country which is caught in the wheel of their policies and interests, is so to understand one another that war shall be avoided . . . and that Persia shall be preserved as a single country, dominated indeed, but undivided and unannexed, and that its two overlords shall develop its resources and give peace to its people."

The rare faculty for inspiring confidence in Orientals, coupled with unbounded self-confidence, which is one of its indispensable bases, enabled Mr. Moore to ramble over Macedonia, and wander casually through the most dangerous districts of Albania, notebook in one hand, and the other hand ready to shake with "Young Turks", Greeks, Servians, Bulgars, Mirdits, Tosks, Pashas and priests, honest men and men of every race and creed. His account of Albania, with its blood feuds, when every man was looking for his neighbour with a rifle, until the Constitution abolished all such barbarities, and the sudden revulsion that reconciled hereditary foes of generations is extremely interesting and well told, even though it sounds almost like a fairy tale—as it has, alas, since proved. The Turkish Constitution that was to have made all men brothers in the Balkans only ended in fratricidal extermination, and Mr. Moore gives a very terse and clear summary of the causes and effects of the failure of the Young Turks in peace and on the fields of battle. There is still much that remains to be cleared up before the final chronicler can adjust the balance, extenuating nothing, and setting naught down in malice. But Mr. Moore's contribution, if not of immense value to history, is a capital commentary for the contemporary student, and a reminiscent delight for those to whom it recalls scenes and experiences remotely, or more closely, similar—among them the writer of this review. Mr. Moore's style is of the sort that would carry the reader comfortably along without ever allowing interest to flag, even if the substance were not as amusing and informing as it is, and the occasional flights of fancy are so clever and innocent that their intrusion can scarcely be counted a sin.

## THE SPELL OF RUSSIA.

"Russia: The Country of Extremes." By Madame N. Jarintzoff. Sidgwick and Jackson. 16s. net.

THERE are two kinds of books, just as there are two kinds of writers—the book "lived" and felt, and the book written and "compiled": the difference is as vast as the difference between the compiler and the creative artist. The one is dead and bare as a lopped branch; the other full of sap and budding life and fragrance, a living and beautiful thing. The "compilation" is the growing curse of an age of "professionalism" and exploitation in letters. It is worse infinitely than mediocre fiction. The cheap novel, aiming at facile celebrity, offers at least a narcotic to the hungerer after sensation—it is the coated lozenge of forgetfulness—but the compilation serves no purpose whatsoever, artistic or utilitarian. It neither soothes nor nourishes. It is a mere skeleton, stripped of flesh, devoid of blood, the creaking bones cry aloud for dissolution.

No country within recent years has been more explored and exploited than Russia. The astute journalist steering clear of the familiar landmarks pushes out to this new land and comes home bulging with impressions. This is as it should be. This is what Mr. Maurice Baring has done, and, less successfully, Mr. Stephen Graham. Mr. Baring is a poet who sees things with the eye and the vision of a poet; Mr. Graham is a journalist with a graphic pen, he does not penetrate to the soul of things; his vision is less cosmopolitan, more photographic. He has not dipped his pen, like Mr. Baring, in the Pierian spring.

We now expect such a high standard from writers who deal with Russia that Madame Jarintzoff's book, interesting as it is in snatches, comes as a disappointment. It is a curious jumble of facts, brought together in book form, without a thread of narrative or connection of any kind, although the author tells us in the preface that "to appreciate the central idea of my book seems to me to demand a little mental effort". We have certainly made the "mental effort"—our conscience is quite clear—searched the book from beginning to end, carefully examined the middle of it, where a "central idea" might reasonably be supposed to lurk if there were one; we have looked everywhere, in fact, but, baffled, gave up the chase. We could find no trace of a central idea. Instead we browsed on facts. These the author ladles out to us with no higgard hand. But facts are cheap things, the mere cement of imagination. It is imagination that counts in a book of this kind; this is golden, the rest is brass.

When we come to examine these facts we are on less debatable ground. We do not learn the whole truth about Russia, or even what we most want to know, but what we are told in these pages is true enough. It seems to us, though, that the author dwells at too great a length on certain aspects of Russian life, such as the Church and the inner life of the "Studentchestvo", while little or nothing is said about the social life, literature, art, etc. This is really a serious omission; for this is most of all what we want to know about Russia—the soul of the nation and its ideals. Madame Jarintzoff uses strange methods when she attempts to convince us that it is not the Church that will regenerate Russia. No one who has read her book can have any doubt that the Church is really an all-important influence in Russian life and the future development of the people. She devotes two chapters alone out of ten to Church, religious sects, descriptions of monasteries, hermits, etc. This cannot surely be of universal interest. We should also like to say that when Madame Jarintzoff takes upon herself the task of criticising the stray remarks of a writer like Mr. Maurice Baring she lays herself open to correction. Instead of this quibbling at trifles Madame Jarintzoff might with profit take a leaf out of Mr. Baring's book. If she had read a little deeper into the spirit of Mr. Baring's work she would have learned not only how



to improve her facts, but how to display them to the best advantage.

The book is not altogether without merit, else we should not have reviewed it at length. We can praise without stint the chapter on the Cossacks. It is complete and vivid. The lofty tone adopted by the author throughout the book harmonises well with the subject. It is quite admirable. The occasional peeps we get into the heart of Russian life are also well done, as, for instance, the scene between the Russian parson and his wife. In this the colour and atmosphere are well conveyed. These things redeem the book from the banality of the "compilation", but it is not enough to make the book a complete and harmonious work of art. We hope Madame Jarintzoff will take our remarks in the spirit in which they are meant. We believe she has it in her to write a good and lasting book about Russia. Let her eliminate more, mix her colours better—Russia provides a superb palette—and study models like Mr. Baring, not for "facts", but for style: she may then give us a real book, not a "half-and-half" compilation. We must add a word in praise of the illustrations. Mr. Sidgwick never illustrates a book badly and never produces one badly. He makes up a book with really fine taste. The illustrations, from paintings by well-known Russian artists, are well chosen and excellently reproduced.

#### MR. CHIOZZA MONEY'S GREAT STATE.

"The Future of Work and Other Essays." By L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

[Published this week.]

MR. CHIOZZA MONEY is one of the nimblest handlers of statistics before the public at the present time; he has all the facility of the practised journalist and the conviction of the platform rhetorician. Occasionally the reader has some slight sense of dubiety awakened, as when in the early pages of this book he finds the paucity of production demonstrated, and later, when Free Trade is being defended, he learns that "the sober examination of trades selected as examples of decadence, not by Free Traders, but by the great modern protagonist of Protection, gives eminently satisfactory results". But here Mr. Money protects himself by a saving clause, "satisfactory, that is, under existing conditions of competitive production". He is an impassioned advocate of great expenditure, and certainly "makes mincemeat of the argument that we cannot afford the Navy". In 1913, he tells us, the British investing classes made an unparalleled investment of £250,000,000, of which £200,000,000 went abroad, and adds that in one year the British investor could clear up the worst of the housing problem. A page or two later we read that 9,000,000 good houses are required, and that they would cost £4,500,000,000. "A man who once got that into his head would never again allow himself to talk about constructing a Utopia with a few hundred millions." There does, apart from small points, seem to be some fundamental inconsistency in the two propositions which form the basis of Mr. Money's general arguments. He says that owing to the wastefulness and absurdity of the competitive system our production is frustrated in its methods and miserably poor in its output; on the other hand, when he comes to expenditure, he says that we are so rich that we can afford even Utopias that are not cheap. No doubt he would say that it is only the few that are rich, but however it is divided the wealth is there. The national dividend of £2,100,000,000—on the dimensions of which Mr. Money dwells appreciatively when defending expenditure—may not be equitably distributed among the shareholders, but at least the fact that it is increased year after year shows that the methods of production are capable of some defence against Mr. Money's criticisms.

The national dividend is a bird in the hand, but Mr. Money is quite certain that there are more in the bush, and this volume is chiefly interesting because it

contains his conception of the Great State. On this topic he abandons the statistical and frankly adopts the dithyrambic method. Like another Milton, he sees a great people renewing its mighty youth. Adroit prophet that he is, he "envisages" the glories of his new society and avoids all troublesome details. His belief is that the State will be organised for work, that it will superintend all production, that it will avoid all wastefulness by knowing, for example, exactly how many hats will be required each year, and that it will secure a plentiful abundance of commodities, because it will have the right to force all adults to give so many hours a day to productive labour. These hours will be the professional life of the individual, and all his spare time he will be a gifted amateur. As for the unpleasant occupations, such as coal-mining, the Great State will have this done by relays of "mining conscripts", who will do the work as a matter of duty and with pride. We do not know how long Mr. Money thinks it takes a man to learn coal-mining, but we should not regard a pit full of gifted amateurs, dutiful but untrained conscripts, as a place of safety, and the output of coal would be distressingly small. There would be no conscript painters or poets, but all actors would be amateurs in the fortunate Great State, and the epic would never be sold. "The newspaper will not record opinions, or be concerned with policies. Organs of opinion will be purely amateur in ownership and direction". Mr. Money "sees" the average boy of eighteen, who has "taken up the magnificent inheritance of knowledge", and therefore knows more than Macaulay's schoolboy, passing into apprenticeship. Everyone, therefore, is to master some definite trade, though liable at any moment to be hitched off into another occupation when the State sees that there are too many butchers and too few candlestick-makers. Mr. Money's dreaming power is so strong that he actually believes that a State based on universal compulsory labour can be "a nation of free men, educated to the full development and accentuation of their inherent inequalities". Such a State would require in its governors omnipotence, in order to compel every man to do the precise work he was ordered, and omniscience, in order that it might know exactly what work was required to be done. How would the governors be selected? We presume by universal suffrage. Is it conceivable that the rough process of election could produce authorities of the wisdom and impartiality required? Mr. Money talks about Trusts as if they had already overcome all their difficulties, but the rulers of Trusts are not elected, and every man employed by a Trust has not an equal voice in deciding its policy or the division of its revenue. Trusts are either despotisms or oligarchies, and the one certain thing about Mr. Money's Great State is that, if it ever comes into existence, it will contain a fortunate few, but the mass of its citizens will lead driven and regimented lives. The majority would be bored professionals in their short hours of labour, and boring amateurs in their too abundant leisure.

#### NOVELS.

"Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours." By F. Warre Cornish. Murray. 6s.

[Published this week.]

IT is a delight to come across a novel such as this. Here we have no slipshod writing, but a pleasant, fluent, gossipy style that adapts itself admirably to the subject in hand. The Vice-Provost of Eton is a philosopher with a genial, kindly outlook on humanity. He has a rich, well-stored mind and experience. There is a large amount of real learning and knowledge packed into this book, but it is never obtruded. It is just conveyed by the way, as it were, in most agreeable fashion. The story is of the quiet order and deals with the developments of character, the sensations and ideas of men and women, rather than with any striking incidents. It tells the story of Dr. Ashford, a middle-aged practitioner, and his neighbours in a cathedral

town, where life, as a rule, flowed on peacefully enough, in spite of the introduction of that modern unquiet thing—a Bishop hurrying about the country in a motor-car. Dr. Ashford himself, with his brisk manner, decided opinions, and abundant resourcefulness, is an engaging figure. He had sacrificed a Harley Street practice because he loved the country and liked being at his ease better than being rich or well known. He would ride to his patients on his black mare Patty, for he disliked motor-cars, with their smell and hurry and the ill-will expressed in the faces of passengers who had to get out of the way. Busy man as he was, he was never too busy to find time for a day's fishing if there was a southerly wind and a cloudy sky, or for a picnic if there were some young people who wished to take him along, as they always did. At forty-six he was regarded as a confirmed old bachelor, but romance was not dead in him, as this book shows. Running through the book and appended to every chapter are the comments of Dr. Ashford's friend, Henry Savile. In his youth Savile had been fellow and tutor of his college at Cambridge, but a railway accident crippled him, changing all prospects and shutting up windows in the house of life. Much alone, and sometimes in pain, he amused himself by keeping a diary, "in essence the biography of a mind," in a series of quarto notebooks, bound in brown calf and lettered Quisquilæ. When asked what it meant, he would say, "The dustbin". These "sweepings of an ill-kept mind" are one of the most interesting features in the book, Henry Savile himself acting the part of Greek chorus to the various characters. In spite of his infirmity, he never grew crabbed nor lost his elasticity of mind. His comments on men and things were always fresh and inspiring. Interwoven with the story of Dr. Ashford and Henry Savile is a pleasant love tale of two young people, told with charm and sympathy.

**"Monsieur de Rochefort." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.**

Mr. Stacpoole is as much at home in Paris of the 18th century as he was in the blue waters and tropical vegetation of the "Blue Lagoon". We took up this new book hardly daring to hope that the clean charm of that earlier work would be renewed. But it is. Only in a different way and amid very different surroundings. In "Monsieur de Rochefort" the author has given us a personality and has depicted him without exaggeration. We all know the stock figure of a certain kind of romance whose honour—with a very large H—looms before us at every turn. We know that he will get himself into countless scrapes on this account, and get out of them, too, without a speck or tarnish on this very susceptible quality. But Monsieur de Rochefort is no dummy figure. His honour is there all right, but it is never forced down our throats. He lives and breathes through these pages a charming personality. Sometimes reminiscent of Mr. Stanley Weyman's tales of Paris, Mr. Stacpoole's novel is not so historically heavy. Madame la Comtesse Dubarry is sketched with as light a touch as M. de Rochefort, and interests us as much. Mr. Stacpoole has given us all the essentials of melodrama—assassinations, intrigue, sudden deaths, imprisonments, poisonings, and wanderings through the underground catacombs of Paris—but nowhere is he melodramatic. The chief of the police, Sartines, and his satellites take a very large part in the story. The book is pleasant in its way, as was the "Blue Lagoon", and as hard to put down before the end is reached. Fresh and fragrant with the spirit of adventure and youth and swift happenings (the whole of the events taking place within a week), we come back at the finish with a sigh to our own less picturesque times, where arrests are made by dull, helmeted policemen, and where, for the most part, we settle private disputes in the courts instead of at the point of the rapier.

### LATEST BOOKS.

**"Modern English Literature." By George H. Mair. Williams and Norgate. 6s. net.**

In his preface Mr. Mair sets forth to explore "more or less the whole range of those English authors whose work can be read without the intervention of the philologist or the professor of dead dialects". His book falls short of its project. With saving prudence he reviews those choice and master spirits only whose literary manifestations bear the true impress of each succeeding age. He is concerned with prose and poetry which best expresses the growth of national thought. There is no straying beyond bounds, for in this field he has left no gate ajar. There are, however, some curious omissions. He makes scant mention of Herbert and Herrick, none of Cowper, none of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of Macaulay he says nothing more than that he was a lay moralist "who touched on a large variety of subjects". We regret Mr. Mair's neglect only because we take pleasure in his critical perceptions. His plan is in good perspective, his judgments comprehensive. He is no staid registrar of facts. He traffics generously in ideas and tendencies. He is never vaguely discursive nor tediously diffuse. He has, too, the talent for re-presenting the criticisms of others for "giving things that are known an agreeable turn"—an art in which Addison found "fine writing" to consist. But we cannot always run with him. When he tells us, of the author of "Religio Medici", that "his speculations never really resulted in deep thinking", and that "his eloquence was too studied to rise to the greatest heights", we defer to the word of Francis Thompson that when Browne's thought moved him to eloquent rhetoric "the sentence dispreads like a mounting pinion" or that the severely logical structure of his passages was blended with a "motion like the solemn winging of many seraphim".

**"The Great Problems." By Bernardino Varisco. Translated by R. G. Lodge. Allen. 10s. 6d. net.**

This is a welcome addition to Professor Muirhead's *Library of Philosophy*. It is the first time that Varisco has been translated into English. The author is his own critic. He writes in the first appendix: "All considered, this is a difficult book. The reason of the difficulty lies in its excessive brevity." He is quite right; the book is too concise. He has set out to construct a system which should be "independent of all presuppositions". That, presumably, is why all quotations and references are avoided in the text and relegated to a number of appendices. Had the eighty pages of appendices been woven into the book itself, the presentation and discussion of the "great problems" would have gained in intelligibility what might have been lost in conciseness. As it is, the appendices should be read first, even though Varisco himself says: "I write for those who have knowledge, not for beginners". Metaphysic, he says, can only be constructed on the basis of science, because it is the system of what is absolutely true. Science is the aggregate of what is consistent. It is not chaotic, yet at the same time it is not arranged in a rigorous unity. Logic does not exclude the allogical, the accidental. Being creates centres of spontaneity, which themselves are determinations of Being. "The necessity of Being implies an accidentalness which remains subordinate to logical necessity, while the necessity is realised by means of a logical accidentalness." The chapter which discusses the principle of value is particularly interesting, especially in the light of Professor Bosanquet's Gifford Lectures: the "great problems" are resolved into one—namely, "how moral values, or values in general, must be introduced into a conception of reality". What those moral values are, what is the supreme truth, can be known only by those who are *ex veritate*.

**Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in Italy. Vols. V-VI. Edited by Tancred Borenius. John Murray. 21s. each net.**

Dr. Borenius has now completed the last two volumes of the new edition of this great work with the same scholarly care and thoroughness that he has brought to bear on the same authors' "History of Painting in North Italy". As in the case of the previous volumes, edited by Mr. Langton Douglas, the text has been left unaltered, a series of elaborate footnotes bringing the volumes up to date in the light of the most recent criticism.

Dr. Borenius's most valuable contributions take the form of completing, as far as may be, the list of extant works by each painter, together with an equally interesting list of known works now missing, with attempts, in many cases both ingenious and successful, to co-ordinate the one with the other. A feature in the list of pictures newly attributed to many of the most interesting masters is the frequency with which American collections are mentioned. Indeed, whereas when these volumes first appeared Crowe and Cavalcaselle could not refer to a single work in the Western hemisphere, the great majority of the most recent discoveries now appear in the important and growing collections scattered throughout the United States.



**"Florence Nightingale to her Nurses."** Macmillan. 1s. net.

We are grateful to Miss Rosalind Nash for a thoughtful and discriminating selection of Florence Nightingale's addresses to Probationers and Nurses of the Nightingale School at St. Thomas's Hospital. But though their first appeal will be to nurses, their scope is not in any sense restricted to the life of a hospital ward; they will have a far wider influence and will be welcomed by all who would gain an insight into the motives that have inspired the life of a great personality. For her counsels are never merely professional. She refers the smallest and most particular details of a nurse's work to great universal principles. A sound common-sense, a healthy condemnation of anything like sentimentality or conceit, an insistence on quietness of dress and demeanour, a desire to have common things done uncommonly well are but utterances of a supreme conviction, often expressed, that religion must be made "the everyday business of daily life". It is this spirit pervading her epistles that gives them an almost Pauline touch both in thought and expression.

**"Bolivia."** By Paul Walle. T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

Bolivia is not a country of which much is generally known, apart from the fact that it contains the mines of Potosi; it has undoubted resources, but it is too mountainous to have shared in the recent prosperity of other South American States, while its rarified air has not given it immunity from political revolutions—now happily becoming more rare. Apparently something like a settled government is being evolved after a century of disorder. Little need be said of this description of the country except that it is well up to the high average of the South American Series issued by the publishers.

We have just received from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings the Annual Report of the Committee and an excellent paper read by Mr. A. C. Benson at the last general meeting. This society does splendid work and deserves a great deal more support, financially and otherwise, than it gets at present. It has done and is doing a great deal to save many of the most splendid old English buildings. We are glad to see in particular that it is still watchful in the matter of Christchurch Priory, in Hampshire. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will remember the correspondence about the Priory some months ago and the protests of Lord Ferrers and Mr. Herbert Drutt and others in our columns. It is extremely important that this matter should be carefully watched.

**THE REVIEWS.**

The *Quarterly Review* for July is notable for the variety of its contents. Apart from an article on the Home Rule crisis, which reviews and condemns the dilatory tactics of the Government, its only political articles are an account of the growth of bureaucracy in the modern State and a study of Syndicalism in New Zealand by the editor of a Christchurch newspaper. Two papers deal with historical criticism: a learned discussion of the Study of Christian Origins in France and England, and an account of the recent publications which throw light on the early years of the East India Company. Of purely literary interest is a welcome article on Modern Forces in German Literature. Professor Emery Barnes, who discusses the Kikuyu controversy in every aspect, rightly recalls that "the first great forward movement in the evangelisation of East Africa was due to an act of comity in missions", when David Livingstone in 1857 appealed as a Scottish Presbyterian to the English Universities and therefore to the Church of England. Medical and metaphysical articles compose the remainder of an unusually strong number.

A timely article in the *New Edinburgh Review* is one on "Servia Irredenta", by Mr. Francis Gribble, which discusses the problem of Servian nationalism in its relation to Teuton domination and Magyar influence; another article on "The Expansion of Italy", by Mr. Algar Thorold, also has a present interest. In home politics, Mr. Harold Cox has an easy task in exploding the fallacies of the single taxers, with whom Mr. Lloyd George has toyed to his own hurt in this year's ill-fated Budget; if the Revenue Bill ever becomes law, Mr. Cox remarks that "even the dead will not be left in peace, for the enquiries into profits and working expenses are to be addressed to the owners and occupiers of cemeteries and graveyards". Of other subjects we have only space to mention Mr. De la Mare's review of current literature and a discussion on the influence of English Universities on national life.

The *Fortnightly* for August has three notable articles, "Swinburne's Unpublished Writings" (Edmund Gosse), "Walter Bagehot" (Arthur Baumann), and "Mr. Chamberlain" (Maurice Woods). Mr. Gosse praises the wisdom and restraint of Mr. Watts-Dunton in his resolve not to permit, at this early date, any indiscriminate publication of Swinburne's correspondence. In our opinion the time is not yet come for pressing on this matter. It is also, as Mr. Gosse says, a good thing that a large body of letters relating to Swinburne have been carefully preserved against a time when something may be done in the way of a published collection or selection. Mr.

Gosse has an interesting note on the way in which Swinburne "watched the masterful genius of Carlyle with a sort of painful fascination". Sometimes, by the way, the bard broke out with another note than that of fascination! Once to the writer of this notice Swinburne broke into a swirl and torrent of indignant declamation against Carlyle; but he paused, and then with enthusiasm praised the style of Carlyle, which, he declared, was astonishing in its "cleverness": "but", he added, "there are signs that it was not wholly original, not wholly his own"; and one recalls he launched into a talk about a French writer from whom he thought Carlyle might have borrowed. Mr. Baumann writes of Bagehot as to the manner born. Perhaps nobody to-day is quite so well qualified to write of Bagehot as he is. It is his *métier*. Besides, Mr. Baumann writes much better—we mean in style or form alone—than most people. He has a rare pen: sometimes—not always—he dips it in ink in which a little vitriol seems to have got mixed. Mr. Maurice Woods writes well, largely because he writes critically, of Chamberlain. It is interesting, naturally, to have a picture of the great man by an ardent young preacher of social reform. A good deal of the unauthorised programme as it concerned land was, as Mr. Woods says, "tosh". The land was really not his line. Mr. Woods says very discreetly that "you have to be brought up on the land to know very much about it". It is absolutely true.

**BOOKS RECEIVED.****FICTION.**

A Knight on Wheels (Ian Hay); A Tail of Gold (David Hennessey); Penrod (Booth Tarkington). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. each. Toqué (J. Morley). Stockwell. 1s. 6d. net. Only a Dog's Life (Gustav Genrychowitch, Baron Taube). Simpkin. 6s. The Cap of Youth (E. Maria Albanesi). Hutchinson. 6s. The Boomers (Roy Norton). Mills and Boon. 6s. The Soul of Anne (E. MacLaren). Murray and Evenden. 6s. The Great Miracle (J. P. Vanewords). Stanley Paul. 6s.

**HISTORY.**

The Church of England and Episcopacy (A. J. Mason). Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. net. The Re-making of China (Adolf S. Waley). Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

**LAW.**

The Commercial Laws of the World. Vol. IX. North and Central America—Mexico, Guatemala, Cuba. Sweet and Maxwell. 42s. net.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**

The English Year.—Summer (W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett). Black. 10s. 6d. net.

**REPRINTS.**

The Works of George Meredith. Standard edition.—Evan Harrington; Sandra Belloni. Constable. 6s. each. The Co-Respondent (By the Author of "The Terror by Night"). 2s. net; Riquilda (Mrs. Kendall Park). 1s. net. Murray and Evenden.

**SCHOOL BOOKS.**

English History in Contemporary Poetry. No. V. The Eighteenth Century (Miss C. L. Thomson). Bell. 1s. net. Cours Français du Lycée Persé, Deuxième Partie (L. C. von Glehn et L. Chouville). Cambridge: Heffer. 1s. 6d. Histoire d'un Conscriit de 1813 (Eckmann-Chatrain, Adapted and Edited by Otto Siepmann). Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

**SCIENCE.**

Thresholds of Science.—Astronomy (Camille Flammarion). Constable. 2s. net.

**TRAVEL.**

Vignettes of Japan, China and America (M. B. Greaves). Morland, Amersham, Bucks. 5s. net. The Khasis (Lieut.-Colonel P. R. T. Gardon). Macmillan. 10s. net. The County of Durham (W. J. Weston). Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

**VERSE.**

The Sun-Thief and other Poems (Rhys Carpenter). Oxford University Press. 5s. net. Sonnets and other Poems (Charles Cammell). Humphreys. 5s. net. Poems from Beyond (By the Author of "Nature's Way"). W. H. Smith. 1s. net.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Croquet (Lord Tollemahe). Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net. How to Make a Country Place (Joseph Dillaway Sawyer). New York: Orange Judd. How to Swim (H. R. Austin). Methuen. 1s. net. Little Book on Map Projection, A. (Mary Adams). Philip. 2s. net. Manual of Photography (D. Grant). Murray and Evenden. 1s. net. Principles of Policy (Lancelot Feilding Everest). Cambridge: Heffer. 3s. 6d. net. Shot-Gun, The, and Its Uses ("East Sussex"). Simpkin. 1s. net. Welsh Land (Rural), The Report of the Welsh Land Enquiry Committee. Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d. net; The Cornhill Magazine, 1s. net; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Contemporary Review, 2s. 6d.; Harper's Magazine, 1s. net; The Modern Language Review, 4s. net; The Socialist Review, 6d. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.; The World's Work, 1s. net; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net.

## FINANCE.

## THE CITY.

	Highest.	Lowest.
Consols ... ..	72	70
Day-to-day Loans ... ..	3%	2½%
3 Months' Bank Bills ... ..	5%	4%
30 July 1914.	17 April 1913.	
Bank Rate ... ..	4 per cent.	4½ per cent.
General Settlement, 13 August.		
Consols Settlement, 6 August.		

THE conditions which have prevailed in the Stock Exchange and Money markets during the week have been almost unprecedented. Not so much by reason of the number of defaulting firms; but since Monday, when the market aspect assumed a graver position, the House became numbed from sheer fright, and dealings, even in the best-class securities, were purely a matter of negotiation.

When Continental liquidation became very prominent on Monday, it was evident that the semi-panicky condition of the Bourses made it almost impossible for stocks to be realised on the Continental markets; and as a matter of fact the London House adopted its prohibitive attitude much too late, because on Monday London became a mere dumping-ground for stocks which were unsaleable on the French and German markets. The decision of the Committee to close the House until further notice should have been made earlier.

The Stock Exchange has so far faced this fiery ordeal with a considerable amount of credit, because, despite the frequent sound of the waiter's hammer, there has been a determination in all departments to sit tight with a view to preventing anything in the nature of an absolute panic; and the worst that can be said for Throgmorton Street so far is that it has been unwilling to absorb good-class public securities unless offered at an absolute sacrifice.

How soon operators will be able to emerge from this unpleasant position it is impossible to say. The situation depends, of course, primarily upon the European political outlook; and, secondly, upon the financial position on the Continent and here. The House is unwilling to entertain the probability of a European war, and for that reason home liquidation has been on a more or less guarded scale; but as regards the financial status of Europe, which has arisen from the controversy, the situation may possibly present very serious consequences.

Apart from three of the defaulting firms, the failures have not been of any magnitude; but it is beyond question that the appalling drop in securities registered during the account has left many firms on the brink of default, and it is difficult to see how further heavy liquidation and consequent failure can be avoided during the current account.

The disorganised state of the Foreign Exchanges is naturally causing widespread anxiety in Lombard Street; but some consolation may be found on reference to the future gold engagements to this country.

The drop in the Paris cheque on London to 2475 gave rise to many rumours concerning possible gold withdrawals to France, but a considerable amount in francs is on its way to Paris from South America, and steamers have recently left Brazil for London with about £595,000; whilst a further £3,000,000 will be received here shortly from New York.

At the moment, this gold influence stands alone as the possible combatant of a Stock Exchange panic, and for that reason the public are not likely to engage in speculative activity before further important developments have taken place in the political arena.

It is difficult to imagine that any amount of success can attend the flotation of a new issue in these times of monetary distress, but the directors of the British

Union Oil Company have stepped in where the majority fear to tread, with an issue of £1,500,000 in Six per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at par.

There was little question that the terms of issue of the Canadian Northern Railway for £3,000,000 were of an exceptional character, but the underwriters had to take up 79 per cent. of the amount, and the stock fell to 1 discount in the House.

Excepting on Monday, when stock was simply trundled wholesale into the market, gilt-edged securities have been in a paralysed condition, the 1 point margin between the buying and selling price, quoted by jobbers, having made business a mere matter of arrangement, and even then practically no stock changed hands. Consols remain nominally at 70½ at the moment, both for cash and account delivery, and all other Funds are on a similarly nominal level.

The Home Railway dividend announcements, which in the ordinary course command the market's keen attention, have so far passed unheeded. The Brighton Company announce a payment at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum on the undivided Ordinary, as compared with 2½ per cent. a year ago, and 4½ per cent. per annum on the Preferred Ordinary, against 5 per cent. per annum last year. There has evidently been some increase in working expenses as the lower dividend means that £13,000 less is being distributed to shareholders.

If distinction is due to any particular market during the present crisis, it may be allotted to the American market, where at least some degree of optimism has been achieved.

During the week no less than £6,000,000 in gold has been withdrawn from New York for Europe—a wholly unprecedented record—but Wall Street has supported at different periods in the belief that the war panic is practically over, and the leading issues do not show very substantial losses compared with Tuesday's making-up prices, Union Pacifics being quoted at 118 ex bonus, Southern Pacific 91, Steel 54, but Canadian Pacifics have been subject to extremely violent fluctuations following wholesale liquidations, and the stock is 20 dollars under the "make-up" at 156.

In addition to the general depressing influence Grand Trunk Railway issues have had to contend with fears of a depressing dividend announcement, and the Second Preference has fallen heavily to 67½.

Foreign Railway securities have depreciated to the extent of 2 to 4 points during the week, the weakness having been accentuated by the fall of the Rio exchange to 15½. Buenos Ayres Pacific has relapsed to 54; Buenos Ayres Great Southern to 104, and Mexican Ordinary to 30.

Owing to the close association of Foreign Bonds with the Continental markets, those securities are quite out of action, and realisations could only be effected at a substantial loss to bondholders.

The salient feature of the Mining market has been the collapse of Russo-Asiatic shares from 7½—to which figure they made up—to 4½.

The fall was partly due to one of the defaulting firm's association with the shares; but reference to the highly speculative nature of these particular shares has been frequently made in these columns in the past.

Brazil Traction have fallen heavily to 60 in the Industrial market, and Shawinigan Water fell to the extent of 6 points on Wednesday. Two issues of some importance have been offered for public subscription, Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., offering £150,000 Seven per cent. "D" Preferred Ordinary shares at 24s. 6d. per share, including 4s. 6d. per share premium, and Boots Cash Chemists (Southern), Ltd., offering 150,000 Six per cent. "C" Preference shares at 23s. per share, including 3s. per share premium. Both of these companies made substantial profits during the year ended March last.



# ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ASSETS EXCEED £23,500,000.

Chairman:

The Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

The Operations of the Company embrace all branches of Insurance.

Full information respecting  
ESTATE DUTY  
and  
CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL  
POLICIES

issued by the Company may be  
obtained on written or personal  
application to the Office at the  
above address.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT

SOCIETY. (Established 1849.)

The LARGEST and MOST prosperous Mutual  
Life Office in the British Empire.

ASSETS . . . . £32,000,000  
ANNUAL INCOME . . . £4,000,000

Valuation Report published and Bonuses divided ANNUALLY.  
37 THREADNEEDLE ST., LONDON, E.C.

## GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.] ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.

Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B., M.V.O., M.P., Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C., M.P.

Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.

Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.,  
D.Sc.

Double advantage policies issued securing two PAYMENTS of the amount  
assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment  
at death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and  
on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

## CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

6 PAUL STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Accumulated Funds and Reserves exceed  
£650,000

THE PRINCIPAL OBJECT of the Company apart from the ordinary forms of  
LIFE ASSURANCE, is to enable Policyholders

TO PURCHASE HOUSE PROPERTY

so as to enable them to become the owners of their own Homes.

Advances already made exceed £1,500,000

ADDITIONAL AGENTS WANTED.

Prospectuses and Terms on application.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

## PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED . . . £85,000,000

CLAIMS PAID . . . . £100,000,000

FOUNDED 1823.

## The Edinburgh Life Assurance Co.

INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Total Assets Exceed - - £4,500,000

Annual Bonuses

Vesting Immediately on Declaration.

## Estate Duties

Special Policies issued to provide for these duties.

Head Office - - 26 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH  
London: 3 BIRCHIN LANE, E.C.

INSURANCE OF BUILDINGS AND CONTENTS.—TO  
OWNERS OF PROPERTY, TRUSTEES AND SOLICITORS.

MANY BUSINESS PREMISES, TOWN RESIDENCES, COUNTRY  
MANSIONS, FARM BUILDINGS, &c., ARE DANGEROUSLY UNDER-  
INSURED. THE PRESENT INCREASED COST OF BUILDING IS OVER  
LOOKED AND THE NECESSARY REVISION OF POLICIES NEGLECTED

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

prepare reports for the protection of Owners in all parts of the  
kingdom.—Offices: 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

## Mental or Physical Fatigue

Of Chemists  
1/6 and 3/-  
per tin.

ALLEN  
and  
HANBURY'S  
Ltd.,  
Lombard St.,  
London.

When brain or body is weary, the  
digestive powers are weakened and  
distaste for ordinary food is often  
experienced. Under such circum-  
stances the 'Allenburys' DIET is  
especially valuable. It is pleasant to  
take, easily digested and assimilated,  
and speedily restorative. Thus it  
helps the system to recover tone and  
vigour. Made in a Minute—add  
boiling water only.

Large Sample

will be sent for 3d. Stamps.



LIME  
JUICE

Delicious, Wholesome & Refreshing.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES.

## NOTICE

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:

United Kingdom.

Abroad.

£ s. d.

£ s. d.

One Year ... 1 8 2 ... 1 10 4

Half Year ... 0 14 1 ... 0 15 2

Quarter Year ... 0 7 1 ... 0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable  
to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street,  
Covent Garden, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the  
SATURDAY REVIEW, the Manager would be glad to be  
informed immediately.

## INSURANCE.

## MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK life offices—once intensely popular—were sadly out of favour for a time, and their business both in the United States and other countries declined to a very noticeable extent. Now, however, the pendulum is swinging in the former direction, and the reports of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York once more afford interesting reading. The expansion of the new business of this company has been astonishingly rapid of late. In 1907 the new insurances only slightly exceeded £10,000,000, but in the following year there was an increase of £9,282,739, to £19,286,856, and since then the total has risen to £33,906,443, the amount recorded for 1913. It is generally known, of course, that the augmentation was mainly obtained in North America, where the Mutual has regained its former sure footing; but it is almost equally certain that the company's international transactions have also enlarged, although not as yet in the same degree. Here, at any rate, the facts are not in doubt. For each of the last four years details of the business transacted within the United Kingdom have been published, and these show the following comparative results:

	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.
Policies Issued, No. ....	916	954	1,092	1,168
Sum Assured in £'s .....	410,951	514,377	569,731	582,575
Single Premiums .....	2,098	4,216	7,887	9,236
Yearly Premiums .....	19,723	23,736	25,680	29,646
Consideration for Annuities.	4,419	4,177	4,720	3,665

At this rate of increase, which seems likely to continue, the business of the London office, which was recently removed to larger premises at 7-8, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C., will soon be ahead of the finest record made in this country, and it may be noted in this connection that the premium income of the branch, which was £421,782 in 1910, is again enlarging, having risen to £427,483 in 1911, to £428,368 in 1912, and to £433,219 last year.

That this American office should have recovered its popularity is not at all surprising. Severely tested some years ago, it was not found wanting, and in recent years the management of the business has been conspicuously sound and successful, the yearly amount paid in bonuses having steadily grown from £856,947 in 1907 to £3,536,053 in 1913, while the still larger sum of £3,712,226 was available on 31 December last for bonuses payable during the current year. The improvement obtained in this respect is simply extraordinary, seeing that the premium income raised in 1907 was almost as large as it was in 1913—namely, £11,632,949 against £11,673,692. In order to demonstrate the extent of the change that has occurred in the bonus-paying powers of the office, it may be as well, therefore, to translate these figures into per-

centages. When this is done, the return of the premiums paid by policyholders is found to have been equivalent to only 7.37 per cent. in the earlier year and to 30.29 per cent. last year.

Putting the matter in another way, it may be said that about one-third of the premiums received in one year are now returned to members in the following year, and there are extremely few life offices in existence which show a higher percentage of refund. As a matter of fact, the Mutual Life of New York, despite the magnitude of its operations and the enormous expenditure which was incurred for a number of years, has done extremely well for its policyholders. Since business was begun in 1843, seventy-one years ago, the vast sum of £314,892,305 has been received from policyholders; but on the other hand £233,158,851 has been paid to them, and £122,987,366 has been accumulated. These two amounts total £356,146,217, and show an excess of £41,253,912 over the full sum received; it has also to be remembered that life assurance protection was afforded all the time to countless policyholders whose contracts did not produce claims.

Whether the Mutual will improve on its recent fine record is naturally conjectural, but it is undeniable that at no time in the past was the business in sounder condition. Only assurances in force prior to 1898 are valued at 4 per cent.; for policies issued in the 1899-1906 period the assumption is 3½ per cent.; and for those of later origin the reserves are calculated on a 3 per cent. basis. As the rate actually earned largely exceeds 4 per cent., the profit from excess interest has already become most important, having amounted to £1,924,081 in 1911, £1,996,801 in 1912, and £2,045,546 last year; and it may be expected to steadily increase—first, because the pre-1907 business is gradually being liquidated and will ultimately disappear altogether; and, secondly, because interest rates are still rising. Large profits are also derived from suspended mortality and savings from the loading for expenses. In the last three years alone these profits amounted to £2,492,085 and £1,729,656, and showed an average profit of £830,695 and £576,552 respectively per annum. It has also to be remembered that the new business of the company has greatly increased of late, and that the premium income is again expanding; the reasonable presumption is therefore that the profit from mortality will presently reflect the improvement which has been effected in these respects.

## HORLICK'S —MALTED MILK—

Malted Barley, Wheat, and Milk

### THE IDEAL SUMMER DRINK.

Pure, rich milk and the wholesome nutritive qualities of choice malted grains form a delicious, refreshing, and invigorating food-beverage suitable for all. Especially useful in hot weather, as a glass of Horlick's not only refreshes, but supplies nutrition and stamina. Ready in a moment with the addition of water only. No added milk or cooking required.

Served in Hotels, Restaurants, Cafés, and Club Houses

**HORLICK'S WITH A DASH OF SODA IS DELICIOUS.**

Also available in Tablet form as a delicious food confection to be dissolved in the mouth. Supply nourishment, quench thirst, prevent fatigue and restore energy.

Supplied in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, by all Chemists and Stores.

WRITE FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS AND LIBERAL SAMPLE.  
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, DUCKS, ENGLAND.

ANY reader of the *Saturday Review* sending a postcard to The Manager, 11 Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C., will receive a specimen copy of *The Athenæum*, which has for more than eighty years retained its position as the Leading Literary Journal. *The Athenæum* is published every Friday, price Sixpence. In this week's issue special attention is devoted to Insurance and Economics.



## BOOKS FOR PLEASURE & STUDY

Mediæval Wall Paintings.

By J. Charles Wall.

2s. 6d. net.

Describes the method of painting, and the dates of examples found in English Manor Houses and Churches.

### Ancient Earthworks.

By J. Charles Wall.

2s. 6d. net.

Shows how great an amount of interest may be found in these neglected monuments scattered throughout England.

### English Mediæval Architecture.

By Cyril E. Power, A.R.I.B.A. 2 vols., 5s. net.

The only cheap, reliable work on English Church Architecture.

Cheaper and more authoritative volumes than anything yet issued. The illustrations alone are an education.

TALBOT & CO., 13 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

AUGUST.

OUR DWINDLING ARMY. By Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., V.C., O.M.  
THE IRISH DANGER: (1) THE RESPONSIBILITY.

By the Right Hon. Sir West Ridgeway, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I.

(2) A VISION OF CIVIL WAR. By Lionel James.

THE MURDERED ARCHDUKE. By Edith Sellers.

GERMANY, RUSSIA, AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

By Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

THE POLITICAL OCTOPUS: A PLEA FOR TRUE LIBERALISM IN POLITICS. By R. A. Scott-James.

MORE NEW LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

By Alexander Carlyle.

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND BARNAVE. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Eversley.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE TELEPHONE? By C. S. Goldman, M.P.

WOMEN'S WAGES AND THE LAWS OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

By Eva Gore-Booth.

'A NATIONAL MEDICAL SERVICE': A REPLY TO DR. BREND.

By Harry Roberts.

THE LOUVRE ENLARGED. By Sir Frederick Wedmore.

ENGLISH LETTERS TO ETIENNE DUMONT.

By Lilian Rowland-Brown (Rowland Grey).

A VANISHING VIRTUE. By W. S. Lilly.

AMERICAN HUMOUR. By Professor Stephen Leacock.

SOME RECENT EXPERIENCES IN ALBANIA. By Anthony Dell.

THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

By Sir Andrew Fraser, K.C.S.I. (formerly Lieut. Governor of Bengal).

ATHENIAN AND BRITISH DEMOCRACY: A PARALLEL.

By Henry Cloriston.

London: Spottiswoode & Co., Ltd., 5 New Street Square.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Contents.—AUGUST, 1914.

Mr. Chamberlain. By Maurice Woods.

Nearing the End. By Philalethes.

The Murder of the Archduke—The Cause and the Consequences. By J. Ellis Barker.

The Dominions and the Command of the Sea. By Archibald Hurd.

Swinburne's Unpublished Writings. By Edmund Gosse, C.B.

The Drama as a Factor in Social Progress. By the late Laurence Irving.

A Bungle in "Entente" Diplomacy. By Francis Aldridge.

Some Notes on the Budget—1914. By W. M. J. Williams.

The New Epoch in America. By James Davenport Whelpley.

R-miniscences of Tol-stoy. III. By Count Ilya Tolstoy.

Walter Bagehot. By Arthur A. Baumann.

Is Sociology a Science? By H. S. Shelton.

The Popular Reprint in England. By James Milne.

The Achievement. Part II. Chapters XIV.—XV.

Part III. Chapters I.—V. By E. Temple Thurston.

Correspondence: Ultra-Protestantism.

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

Will be published on Thursday next, August 6th, No. 3 of

## THE CANDID QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Conducted by THOMAS GIBSON BOWLES.

Price 5/- nett, or by Subscription 20/- per annum, post free to any part of the World.

Reading Cases in Blue Calf Leather, post free, 7/6.

On Sale at all Newsagents, Booksellers and Bookstalls, or from—The Publisher, F. H. Garratt, 26, Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C.

## Messrs. SOTHERAN'S WEST-END HOUSE

IS NOW IN ENLARGED PREMISES AT

43 PICCADILLY, W.

(OPPOSITE PRINCES HALL).

## BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, AND AUTOGRAPHS

on View; Valued for Insurance or Probate; Bought for Cash.

Telephone: Mayfair 3801.

Telegraphic Address: Bookmen London.

# FRY'S

## Magazine of Sport

Is the only live Sporting  
Magazine in this Country

IT HAS BY FAR THE LARGEST  
CIRCULATION OF ANY SPORT-  
ING OR OUTDOOR MAGAZINE

Among its contributors are the foremost authorities on every sport, and during the past year the following have been among those who have contributed to its pages:

Bernard Darwin

Arnold Lunn

F. G. Aflalo

A. R. Haig Brown

A. F. Wilding

Sidney Galtrey

C. P. Dixon

E. H. D. Sewell

A. E. Beamish

The Rt. Hon. F. E.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie

Smith, P.C.

Capt. Bargrave Deane

Alfred Leete

Rex Beach

A. C. M. Croome

H. T. Sheringham

Henry Leach

R. E. Howard

G. D. Abraham

C. B. Fry

Published on the 1st of  
Every Month.

Price **SIXPENCE** net

# THE SILVER LIBRARY.

(A SELECTION FROM.)

Price 3s. 6d. each Volume.

**BAGEHOT (W.)**

BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES. 3s. 6d.  
LITERARY STUDIES. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
ECONOMIC STUDIES. 3s. 6d.

**BENT (J. T.)**

THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND  
With 117 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BRASSEY (LADY)**

A VOYAGE IN THE "SUNBEAM." With 66  
Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**BUCKLE (H. T.)**

HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND AND  
FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. 3 vols.  
10s. 6d.

**CLODD (E.)**

STORY OF CREATION: Main Account of Evolu-  
tion. With 77 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**COONYBEARE (Rev. W. J.) and  
HOWSON (Very Rev. J. S.)**

LIFE AND EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. With  
46 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**DOYLE (Sir A. CONAN)**

MOHAWK CLARKE: a Tale of Monmouth's  
Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLESTAR," and  
other Tales. 3s. 6d.  
THE REFUGEES: a Tale of the Huguenots.  
With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. 3s. 6d.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of  
Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.  
12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.  
SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. 4 vols.  
3s. 6d. each.  
THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND. 3 vols. 10s. 6d.  
ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH  
CENTURY. 3s. 6d.  
SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, &c. 3s. 6d.  
DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON. 3s. 6d.  
THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES  
ANTHONY FROUDE. 3s. 6d.  
THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY: an Irish  
Romance. 3s. 6d.  
OCEANA: or, England and Her Colonies. With  
9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES. With  
9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LIFE AND LETTERS OF ERASMUS. 3s. 6d.  
CESAR: a Sketch. 3s. 6d.  
THOMAS CARLYLE: a History of his Life.  
1795-1835. 2 vols. 7s. 1834-1881. 2 vols. 7s.

**GLEIG (Rev. G. R.)**

LIFE OF WELLINGTON. 3s. 6d.

**GREVILLE (O. O. F.)**

JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE  
IV., KING WILLIAM IV., AND QUEEN  
VICTORIA. 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER)**

ALLAN QUATERMAIN. 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ALLAN'S WIFE. With 34 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
BEATRICE. 3s. 6d.  
BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART. 3s. 6d.  
CLEOPATRA. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
COLONEL QUARTICH, V.C. 3s. 6d.  
DAWN. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
ERIC BRIGHTEYES. 31 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
HEART OF THE WORLD. 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MR. MEESON'S WILL. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. 25 illus. 3s. 6d.  
NADA THE LILY. With 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
PEARL-MAIDEN: a Tale of the Fall of  
Jerusalem. With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SHE. With 32 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
STELLA FREGELIUS. 3s. 6d.  
SWALLOW. With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. 16 illus. 3s. 6d.  
THE WITCH'S HEAD. 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A WINTER PILGRIMAGE. (A Visit to Pale-  
stine, &c.) With 31 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
A FARMER'S YEAR. With 36 Illustrations.  
3s. 6d.  
RURAL DENMARK. With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**HAGGARD (Sir RIDER) and  
LANG (A.)**

THE WORLD'S DESIRE. 27 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**JEFFERIES (R.)**

FIELD AND HEDGEROW. With Portrait. 3s. 6d.  
RED DEER. With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE STORY OF MY HEART. 3s. 6d.  
THE TOLLERS OF THE FIELD. 3s. 6d.  
WOOD MAGIC: a Fable. 3s. 6d.

**KNIIGHT (E. F.)**

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALBERT." With 2  
Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE CRUISE OF THE "FALCON." With 2  
Maps and 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
THE "FALCON" ON THE BALTIK. With Map  
and 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: A Narra-  
tive of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western  
Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit. With Map and il-  
lustrations. 3s. 6d.

**LANG (A.)**

CUSTOM AND MYTH. 3s. 6d.  
MYTH, RITUAL AND RELIGION. 2 vols. 7s.  
THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. 3s. 6d.  
A MONK OF FIFE: a Story of the Days of Joan  
of Arc. With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**MACAULAY (LORD)**

COMPLETE WORKS. "Albany Edition." With  
12 Portraits. 12 vols. Each 3s. 6d.  
Vols. I.-VI.—History of England.  
Vols. VII.-X.—Essays and Biographies.  
Vols. XI., XII.—Sketches, Lays of Ancient  
Rome, &c., and Index.  
ESSAYS AND LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, &c.  
With Portrait and 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.  
SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD  
MACAULAY. With Notes. 3s. 6d.

**MARBOT (Baron de)**

MEMOIRS. Translated. 2 vols. 7s.

**MERIVALE (Dean)**

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE  
EMPIRE. 8 vols. Each 3s. 6d.

**MILL (J. S.)**

POLITICAL ECONOMY. 3s. 6d.  
SYSTEM OF LOGIC. 3s. 6d.

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

**NANSEN (F.)**

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND. With  
142 Illustrations and a Map. 3s. 6d.

**SMITH (R. BOSWORTH)**

CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS. With  
Maps, Plans, &c. 3s. 6d.

**STEPHEN (Sir LESLIE)**

THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE. (The Alps.)  
With 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND  
MR. HYDE, with other Fables. 3s. 6d.  
THE WRONG BOX. 3s. 6d.  
MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. 3s. 6d.

**TREVELYAN (Sir GEORGE)**

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES  
FOX. 3s. 6d.  
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAU-  
LAY. Enlarged and Complete Edition, with  
New Preface and an Additional Chapter. 3s. 6d.

**VERNEY (F. P. & M. M.)**

MEMOIRS OF THE VERNEY FAMILY  
DURING THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.  
With Portraits. 2 vols. 7s.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY J.)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. 3s. 6d.

## LONGMANS' POCKET LIBRARY

Fcp. 8vo. Each Volume, gilt top, 2s. net in cloth; 3s. net in Leather.

\* Except Newman's "Apologia," which is 2s. 6d. net in cloth; 3s. 6d. net in leather.

**ANSTEY (F.)**

VOICES POPULI. First Series. With 20 Illus-  
trations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.  
VOICES POPULI. Second Series. With 25 illus-  
trations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

**ARNOLD (Sir EDWIN)**

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. With Photo-  
gravure Frontispiece after HOLMAN HUNT.

**FROUDE (J. A.)**

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. In  
5 vols. (Sold separately.)

**INGELOW (JEAN)**

POEMS. Selected and arranged by ANDREW  
LANG.

**JEFFERIES (RICHARD)**

THE STORY OF MY HEART. With Portrait.

**LANG (ANDREW)**

BALLADS AND LYRICS OF OLD FRANCE.  
NEW & OLD LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS.  
BALLADES AND RHYMES.  
BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.  
OLD FRIENDS: Essays in Epistolary Parody.

**MACKAIL (J. W.)**

SELECT EPIGRAMS from the GREEK ANTHO-  
LOGY. 2 vols. (Sold separately.)  
Greek Text and English Translation.

**MAX MÜLLER (F.)**

DEUTSCHE LIEBE (GERMAN LOVE).

**MORRIS (WILLIAM)**

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By J. W.  
MACKAIL. With Frontispieces. 2 vols.  
(Not sold separately.)

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. (Also in paper covers,  
1s. net.)

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON: a Poem.

POEMS BY THE WAY.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL, AND A KING'S  
LESSON.

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS.

THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS. 2 vols. (Not  
sold separately.)

THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN.

THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD.

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END. 2 vols.  
(Not sold separately.)

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. 2 vols.  
(Not sold separately.)

THE SUNDERING FLOOD. 2 vols. (Not sold  
separately.)

**NEWMAN (CARDINAL)**

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, including  
"The Dream of Gerontius."  
APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. (Cloth, 2s. 6d. net;  
leather, 3s. 6d. net.)  
THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS.  
UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

**STEVENSON (R. L.)**

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. With other  
Fables.  
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. With an  
Introduction by ANDREW LANG, and Photo-  
gravure Frontispiece.

**STEVENSON (R. L. & F.)**

THE DYNAMITER.

**STEVENSON (R. L.) &  
OSBOURNE (L.)**

THE WRONG BOX.

**WEYMAN (STANLEY)**

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF.

LONGMANS, GREEN &amp; CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London.



**The Standard Book on Bridge.****"SATURDAY" BRIDGE.**

By W. DALTON, 5s. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That "'Saturday' Bridge" is the acknowledged authority on Bridge is proved by it now being in its 12th Thousand.

**"SATURDAY" AUCTION BRIDGE.**

By HELLESPONT, 3s. 6d. net.

(Postage 3d.)

That Auction Bridge appeals more strongly to certain temperaments than Ordinary Bridge is unquestioned. The subtleties of the game are here set forth in the simplest way.

**INFERENCES AT BRIDGE.**

By W. DALTON, 1s. net.

(Postage 1½d.)

There are many players who, while familiar with the general principles of the game, never draw even the most simple inference from what they see. To them this book should be of great assistance.

Of all Booksellers, or direct from Office.

**THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.**

10 KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.

If you would understand the true bearing of the Home Rule Bill on the fortunes of Ireland and the Empire read

**THE CASE AGAINST HOME RULE.**

By L. S. AMERY, M.P.

Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

What the *Northern Whig* of Belfast says of "The Case Against Home Rule":—

"Mr. Amery enters a strong plea that at a time when Ireland is enjoying the benefit of remedial legislation nothing should be done to throw the country back into the turmoil of political and religious strife. A vigorous controversialist, but one who has the historian's balance and breadth, Mr. Amery drives home his case with convincing force and logic. There are few aspects of the Irish question on which he does not throw new light, and his lucid presentation of the difficulties and dangers of any scheme that means the overthrow of the Union is well worthy of careful study. Mr. Amery has in the past done yeoman service on behalf of the Irish Loyalists, and the publication of this pamphlet deepens their obligation to him. The volume is a substantial one, but is published at 3d. in order that it may reach the masses."

Of all Booksellers 3d. net; or post free from the Office 4½d.

**THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD.**  
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK &amp; RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,  
are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the Kingdom are held as required. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

**R. ANDERSON & CO.,**

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

**HOTELS.****SEVENOAKS.****ROYAL CROWN HOTEL.**

FIRST CLASS.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDEN

and pastures of 12 acres: 500 feet above sea level: with charming surroundings and places of interest, including **KNOLE HOUSE** and Park.  
Restfulness and Refinement. Extensive Garage.  
Proprietor, G. MARSHALL.

**AT BOURNEMOUTH****HYDRO**

Visitors enjoy every Hotel Comfort, with the Baths and Amusements of a Hydro at moderate cost.

**ELY CATHEDRAL.**

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. **MODERATE TERMS.** Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

**CROWBOROUGH.—CREST HOTEL.** An Ideal Health Resort. Splendidly situated in the Sussex Highlands, 800 feet above Sea Level. Excellent Cooking. Comfort. Moderate Terms. Spacious Public Rooms. Large Grounds. Garage. Golf. Tennis. Croquet. Billiards. Telegrams: "Crest, Crowborough." Phone No. 94.

**LITTLEHAMPTON.—THE BEACH HOTEL.**

A First-class Family Hotel. Beautifully situated in its own grounds of several acres. Directly facing the sea. Good Garage. Tel. No. 55. A. GASCORNE, Manager.

**ARTISTIC PORTABLE BUILDINGS, MOTOR CAR HOUSES, CONSERVATORIES, GOLF PAVILIONS, GARDEN SUMMER HOUSES, ETC.**—Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue to BROWNE & LILLY, LTD., Manufacturers for Home and Export, READING, BERKS.

**THE SATURDAY REVIEW** should be obtainable at all Railway Bookstalls and from Newsagents throughout London and the Provinces.

Copies can also be obtained as follows:—

**AUSTRIA.**

**FRANZENSBAD:** Librairie Windisch. **MARIENBAD:** E. A. Gotz, Library.

**BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.**

**ANTWERP:** O. Forst, 60 Place de Meir; J. Mertens, 5 Avenue de Keyser. **BRUSSELS:** F. Tennant Pain, 60 Rue du Chemin de Fer; Librairie Dechenne, 20 Rue de Persil. **OSTEND:** F. Tennant Pain, 12 Galerie Leopold II. **ROTTERDAM:** Nederlandsche Kiosken and Kiosque.

**FRANCE.**

**BIARRITZ:** V. Tugague, 16 rue Gambetta. **DIEPPE:** D. Colliard, 16 rue de la Barre. **MARSEILLES:** Mme. Monnier, Kiosque No. 12 Allée de Meilhan. **MONTE CARLO:** Mme. Sinet, Library. **NICE:** Librairie Escoffier, 3 Place Masséna; Ayme, 51 Avenue de la Gare. **PARIS:** F. Tennant Pain, 18 Rue Favart; The Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli; W. H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli; Brentano's Library, 37 Ave. de l'Opéra; Librairie Timotie, 14 rue Castiglione, and the principal Libraries, Kiosques and Railway Stations. **TROUVILLE:** Mme. Leclerc, 56 rue des Bains.

**GERMANY.**

**BERLIN:** Georg Stilke, 72 and 74 Dorotheenstrasse. **COLOGNE:** F. G. Schmitz, Hohestrasse. **FRANKFORT:** J. Vaternahn, Hauptpersonenbahnhof. **HAMBURG:** J. W. Basedow, 19/21 Brodschtrangen. **HOMBURG:** F. Schick, Library. **HEIDELBERG:** H. Ruhlmann, 9 Leopoldstrasse. **MUNICH:** Heinrich Jaffe, 54 Brienerstrasse. **STUTTGART:** Konrad Wittwer, Hauptpersonenbahnhof.

**ITALY.**

**FLORENCE:** B. Seeber, 20 via Tornabuoni. **MILANO:** Paolo Marco, Stazione Centrale. **NAPLES:** Detken & Rochol, Piazza Plebiscito. **ROME:** Luigi Piale, Piazza di Spagna. **TURIN:** Ceriallo Maddalene, Piazza Carlo Felice.

**NORWAY AND SWEDEN.**

**BERGEN:** F. Beyer, 2 Strandgaden. **CHRISTIANIA:** B. Narvessen, 2 Stortingsgaden.

## RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, LIMITED.

Sir Adolph Tuck, Bart., presiding at the Ordinary General Meeting of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited, held on Tuesday, said:—"Our reduction in net income is due to two primary causes—increased expenditure and a decrease, slight it is true, in the volume of trade. Dealing, in the first instance, with the latter, this decrease, strangely enough, extends over a considerable area. Commencing, though only to a trifling extent, with the English company, with its trade throughout the United Kingdom and overseas, it extends to our German company, which has charge of our trade throughout the German and Austrian Empires, and also to the Paris house responsible for the business in France, its possessions and neighbouring French-speaking countries. America and Canada, too, although operating as an entirely separate corporation, with whose balance-sheet we are not concerned to-day, is responsible in an indirect way, for, as a large consumer of the products of the English company, the diminished general trade there during the past year, which is within everybody's knowledge, has naturally led to a falling off in its own purchasing powers of our English products. In the United Kingdom, the question of increase in the expenditure over last year plays a more considerable part in the reduction of profits than any actual shrinkage in our trade. Thus, the causes for a somewhat diminished general turnover are somewhat evenly distributed throughout the world, and if, on the whole, our lessened trade compared with last year is comparatively trifling, yet a considerable percentage of this reduced turnover represents the actual loss of profits. I may, however, state this at once, that one important item in the increased expenditure incurred in the year under review, and which was foreshadowed in my address to you last year, may well be looked upon as a valuable contribution to your goodwill account, namely, the issue and free postal distribution to the general public throughout the length and breadth of the land—and this for the first time in the history of our firm—of no less than three hundred thousand retail catalogues illustrating in a simple, artistic style the publications of our various departments. This item alone represents an outlay of upwards of £3,000. I come now to the net result of our operations for the year. This is shown by the profit item of £33,117 3s. 10d., against £41,992 1s. 5d. of last year—a decrease of £8,874 17s. 7d., as to which I think you will admit I have already made ample reference. Adding to this figure the amount brought forward from last year, £5,502 1s. 3d., we have a total of £38,619 5s. 1d., against last year's total of £47,502 1s. 3d. From this sum Preference dividends amounting to £13,750, and an Ordinary dividend to the extent of £6,250, have already been paid, and, after providing for directors' fees, £3,250, we have a net sum of £15,369 5s. 1d. to deal with. Your Board now proposes the payment of a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. for the past half-year, making, with the 5 per cent. already paid, 6 per cent. for the year, and to carry forward to next year the sum of £6,619 5s. 1d., an increase this in the carry-over of £1,109 5s. 3d. You will note that, while the dividend is maintained at the same rate as during the past four years, no addition is made to the general reserve fund, which stands at £48,000. The capital reserve account remains at £8,845 5s. 2d., while the special dividend reserve fund has increased from £39,494 0s. 8d. to £40,544 10s. 7d., making the total of reserves £97,389 15s. 9d., a small increase this, but still an increase of £1,049 9s. 11d. over last year. Your directors, recognising that human nature plays an important rôle in the affairs of the world, its institutions and, ergo, in the work of this company, have under serious consideration a plan to enlist the services of all, or more or less all, of the employees in generally promoting the welfare of the business, and particularly in assisting to keep down expenditure by giving them a direct incentive in its progress by the simple but effective means of participation in profits. For many years past it has been the custom of the directors to distribute the sum of £500 at the end of each year in recognition of conscientious, or special services rendered by employees, and this irrespective of the particular results of the year. It is not proposed to interfere with this time-honoured institution, but to continue this recognition in the same form and to the same amount as hitherto. In addition, however, we propose distributing a further £500 in the shape of a bonus to our employees for every 1 per cent. dividend we are able to pay on the Ordinary shares over and above the 6 per cent. normal that has now been paid to the shareholders for several years past. I venture, in conclusion, to claim your indulgence for a few words with reference to our present year's progress, seeing that in two or three days we will have completed the first three months of our new financial year, always the most important for this company from the point of view of actual orders already in hand. I am glad to be in a position to inform you that we have every reason to be satisfied with the results of these first three months, which have brought us a capital crop of orders from far and near, from the new collections placed on the market by our various departments on May 1st—the date of the opening of our season—the new lines being voted by the entire trade Press among the very best that have ever emanated from Raphael House. These complete collections for 1914-15, including gift, toy and painting books, calendars, art novelties, etc., have, as is customary with us, been introduced under a special title, the one selected for this year being "Making History."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion for the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously.

## FURNESS, WITHEY & CO.

Sir Stephen W. Furness, Bart., M.P., in presiding at the Annual Meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., held on Saturday, the 25th ult., said:—"It is well known that there has been a considerable shrinkage in freight rates as compared with the abnormally high rates prevailing during the previous twelve months. This shrinkage applies in a marked degree to the particular period covered by the accounts now before you. Under these circumstances, I cannot but feel that you will be pleased that the profits of your Company have maintained so high a level. This is due to the fact that we are not dependent entirely upon the earnings of our steamers, and, while, of course, the depression in shipping, with its consequent effect upon shipbuilding and kindred trades, must necessarily affect a section of the profits of the Company, we have nevertheless demonstrated by past experience that the results of such depression have been largely counteracted by the varied nature of our interests. In the report of two years ago we informed our shareholders that we had purchased a substantial interest in Messrs. Houlder Brothers & Co., Ltd. This investment has proved a very valuable one. Since I and one of your other Directors, Mr. Lewis, joined the Board of this Company, the business has shown great expansion; in fact, there has already been added to the allied fleets no fewer than nineteen steamers, in addition to which they have under construction with Messrs. Irvines at the present time a further nine vessels. The foregoing, however, does not exhaust the advantages which have been gained by our association with Messrs. Houlder Brothers, as, apart from the tonnage above referred to, three meat steamers, constructed for the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Company, Ltd.—in which your Company owns the whole of the share capital—are employed in the chilled and frozen meat trade between the River Plate and Liverpool, in conjunction with the two sister vessels owned by the Houlder interests. These twin-screw vessels are the largest meat carriers in the world, and their working has been so satisfactory that contracts have been entered into with the principal companies engaged in the meat trade, for a similar service over a period of ten years, to the Port of London. In order to operate these contracts, a separate company has been formed—namely, The Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines, Ltd., of which your Company will control three-fifths, and the Houlder interests two-fifths, and for which five twin-screw refrigerated vessels are now being constructed. In connection with this new company, it has been arranged to issue £500,000 Five per cent. First Mortgage Debentures at 95, the prospectus of which will appear shortly.

Lord Furness seconded the adoption of the report, and the motion was carried unanimously.

## THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P., presiding at the Annual Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Ltd., held last Thursday, said:—

"This is our twenty-seventh annual meeting, and it has been the privilege of the Chairman on every occasion to be able to give you a satisfactory account of the result of our business. To-day it gives me the greatest possible pleasure in asking you to adopt a report and statement of accounts which no doubt you will consider equally as gratifying as those of past years. By comparing the figures with last year's you will readily observe that our business has improved, and your directors feel justified in recommending an increase in the dividend to 10 per cent. for the half-year to June 30th, which, with the interim dividend already paid at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, makes 9 per cent. for the year. I am sure this will be most welcome to our numerous shareholders. The profit on our trading account for the year just ended amounts to £209,368 2s. 6d., against £197,952 3s. 8d. last year, and increase of £11,415 18s. 10d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £50,599 7s. 2d., against £43,744 8s. 4d. last year, an increase of £6,854 18s. 10d., added £1,000 to the Workmen's Compensation Fund, and carried forward the sum of £39,691 16s. 10d. to next year. These figures require no words of mine to commend them to your favourable consideration. You can rest assured that my colleagues and myself will continue to devote our closest attention to the affairs of the Company, so that our present strong financial position may be maintained. I now beg to move the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, and at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year ended June 30th, which, with the interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum makes 9 per cent. for the year."

The motion was seconded by Mr. P. J. Feeny, J.P., and carried unanimously.

Mr. M. C. Buzzard, K.C., said: "We have to congratulate ourselves this year on an increased dividend, and therefore I think that, black as things may look around us, we may, at any rate, congratulate ourselves that in this room we have struck upon a bright spot and that the fortunes of the company, far from showing any diminution in their splendour, are likely to continue, for many years to come, a source of satisfaction and income to those who are fortunate enough to be shareholders or Debenture holders in it. This splendid result we owe mainly to the care and attention given to the affairs of the company by the Board generally, and in particular by our respected managing director, whom we hope to see for many years in his place."



**BOOTS SIX PER CENTS.**

A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

# Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Ltd.,

Chemists, Druggists, Stationers, &c.

(INCORPORATED 1901).

**ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.**

## Issue of 150,000 Six per Cent. "C" Preference Shares

WITH

**Dividends Guaranteed as undermentioned,**  
being balance of a series of 300,000 like Shares.

Subscriptions at 23/0 per share, including 3/0 per share premium, are invited for 150,000 "C" Preference Shares, payable in full on application. All premiums will be carried to the General Reserve Fund of the Company.

The "C" Preference Shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, but confer no further right to participate in profits or surplus assets. They rank immediately after the "A" and "B" Preference Shares, but are preferential to the Ordinary Shares both as to capital and dividend.

The profit for the year ending 31st March, 1914, as shown in the Auditors' Certificate, amounts to ... .. £47,133

(This is without taking into account the full additional earning power of the present issue of £150,000 capital).

Amount required for dividends on existing Preference Shares ... .. £25,500

Margin ... .. £21,633

(For Auditors' Certificate see full Prospectus).

As the dividends on the full present issue will absorb £9,000 only, the margin is considerable. Dividends are further secured by the following guarantee.

Boots Pure Drug Company Limited has entered into an agreement with this Company, guaranteeing a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum upon such shares until the 30th June, 1919.

It is intended to pay dividends on the present issue quarterly, the first dividend being payable on the 30th September, 1914. Dividends will run from date of payment for shares allotted.

A brokerage of 3d. per share will be paid to Brokers on allotments made on applications stamped with the name of a Stock, and Share Broker.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Company's Bankers at the Branch Shops of Boots Cash Chemists, or at the Office of the Company, Station Street, Nottingham.

Dated 14th July, 1914.

Of the Shares referred to above preference in the allotment will be given to those subscribers who apply for a proportion of each issue. The following proportion is suggested, say:—

100 Boots (Southern) Ltd., 6% issue at 23/- ...	£115 0 0
50 Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd. 7% issue at 24/6	£61 5 0
	£176 5 0

and larger or smaller applications in the same proportion.

## This Application Form may be used.

Applications, with remittance in full, to reserve shares will be received at the Company's Office, on the appended form.

Please reserve for me (and send me full prospectus)—

..... "C" 6% Preference Shares of Boots Cash Chemists (Southern) Ltd., at 23/- each ... £ : :  
..... "D" 7% Preferred Ordinary Shares of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., at 24/6 each ... £ : :

for which I enclose full payment.

TOTAL ... .. £ : :

Signature of applicant..... Address of applicant.....(Street)

[S.R.] Date..... (Town)

To the Managing Director, Boots Cash Chemists, Station Street, Nottingham.

7% Shares in Boots Pure Drug Company Limited. Founders of the businesses so well known as Boots Cash Chemists.

A Copy of this Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

# Boots Pure Drug Company Ltd.

(INCORPORATED 1888)

Chemists, Druggists, Stationers, &c.

**ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.**

ISSUE OF

## 150,000 £1 Seven per Cent. "D" Preferred Ordinary Shares.

Subscriptions at 24/6 per share, including 4/6 per share premium, are invited for 150,000 "D" Preferred Ordinary Shares, payable in full on application. All premiums will be carried to the General Reserve Fund.

The shares now offered confer the right to a fixed dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum (non-cumulative), and are preferential to the Ordinary Shares both as to dividend and capital, but confer no further right to participate in profits or surplus assets.

The Auditors' Certificate (see below) shows that after providing adequate depreciation, the profit for the last three years has averaged £104,895 per annum, and that the profit for the year ended 31st March, 1914, has amounted to £110,433. The dividends payable on all existing Preference and Preferred Ordinary Shares amount to £61,729 only, leaving a balance of £48,704 from which to pay Management Expenses, Directors' Fees, and the Dividends on this issue. These Dividends will amount to £10,500 per annum only. This ample margin is without taking into account additional profits which will arise from the use of this additional capital. The profits of the Company have shown a progressive advance every year for the past ten years.

It is intended to pay dividends on the present issue quarterly, the first dividend being payable on the 30th September, 1914. Dividends will run from date of allotment.

**AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.**

To the Directors of Boots Pure Drug Company Ltd.

We hereby certify that we have audited the books and accounts of your Company for the past 26 years, and that during that period the business has constantly increased both in volume and profits.

The Annual Profits for the past three years have been as follows:—

For the year ending 31st March, 1912 ...	£ 97,067
" " " " 1913 ...	£107,195
" " " " 1914 ...	£110,433

(or an average annual profit of £104,895).

These profits are after charging all working and business expenses, including interest, maintenance and repairs, and after providing liberally for depreciation, but are before providing for Directors' Fees and remuneration to the Managing Director.

SHARP, PARSONS & CO.,

Birmingham, July 9th, 1914.

Chartered Accountants.

The Company shall be at liberty from time to time, without notice to or consent of the holders of the 7 per cent. "D" Preferred Ordinary Shares for the time being issued, to create and issue further 7 per cent. "D" Preferred Ordinary Shares ranking in all respects with the "D" Preferred Ordinary Shares for the time being issued.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Company's Bankers, at the Branch Shops of Boots Cash Chemists, or at the Offices of the Company, Station Street, Nottingham.

A Brokerage of 3d. per share will be allowed on shares applied for through any Stock and Share Brokers.

Dated 14th July, 1914.

# THE EVERSLEY SERIES

Globe 8vo. cloth, 4s. net per volume.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD'S WORKS. 8 vols.

Poems. 3 vols. *Essays in Criticism.* First Series.  
*Essays in Criticism.* Second Series. *American Discourses.*  
 Letters, 1848-1888. Collected and Arranged by G. W. E. RUSSELL. 3 vols.

## A MEMOIR OF JANE AUSTEN. By her Nephew, J. F. AUSTEN LEIGH. To which is added "Lady Susan," and Fragments of two other Unfinished Tales by Miss AUSTEN.

## ESSAYS BY GEORGE BRIMLEY. Third Edition.

## CALDERON. Eight Dramas of Calderon freely trans- lated. By EDWARD FITZGERALD.

## CHAUCEER'S CANTERBURY TALES. Edited by A. W. POLLARD. 2 vols.

## DEAN CHURCH'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

Collected Edition. 9 vols.  
*Miscellaneous Essays.* *Dania, and other Essays.*  
*St. Anselm.* *Bacon.* *Spenser.*  
*The Oxford Movement.* Twelve Years, 1833-1845.  
*The Beginning of the Middle Ages.* (Included in this series by permission of  
 Messrs. Longmans & Co.)  
*Occasional Papers.* Selected from the *Guardian*, the *Times*, and the *Saturday*  
*Review*, 1846-1890. 2 vols.

## LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN CHURCH. Edited by his Daughter, MARY C. CHURCH.

## LECTURES AND ESSAYS BY THE LATE W. K. OLIFFORD, F.R.S. Edited by the late Sir LESLIE STEPHEN and Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK. Third Edition. In 2 vols.

## SELECT LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. With Introductory Memoir and Notes by J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. In 2 vols.

## EMERSON'S COLLECTED WORKS. 6 vols. With Introduction by JOHN MORLEY.

*Miscellaneous.* *Essays.* *Poems.*  
*English Traits and Representative Men.*  
*The Conduct of Life, and Society and Solitude.*  
*Letters and Social Aims.*

## LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT. 2 vols.

## LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD TO FANNY KEMBLE, 1871-1883. Edited by W. A. WRIGHT.

## MORE LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD. Edited by W. ALDIS WRIGHT.

## PAUSANIAS AND OTHER GREEK SKETCHES. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L.

## GOETHE'S MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS. Translated with Introductions by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS. \*.\* The Scientific and Artistic Maxims were selected by Prof. Huxley and Lord Leighton respectively.

## THOMAS GRAY'S COLLECTED WORKS IN PROSE AND VERSE. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE. 4 vols. *Poems, Journals, and Essays.* *Letters.* 2 vols. *Notes on Aristophanes and Plato.*

## J. R. GREEN'S WORKS. 16 vols.

*History of the English People.* 8 vols.  
*The Making of England.* 2 vols.  
*The Conquest of England.* 2 vols.  
*Stray Studies from England and Italy.*  
*Oxford Studies.* *Historical Studies.*  
*Stray Studies.* Second Series.

## GUESSES AT TRUTH. By TWO BROTHERS.

## EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY. Being Impressions and Translations of MAURICE HEWLETT, Author of "The Forest Lovers." Third Edition, revised.

## R. H. HUTTON'S COLLECTED ESSAYS. 7 vols.

*Literary Essays.* *Theological Essays.*  
*Essays on Some of the Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith.*  
*Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers.* 2 vols.  
*Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought.* Edited by his Niece, ELIZA-  
 BETH M. ROSCOE.  
*Brief Literary Criticism.* Edited by his Niece, ELIZABETH M. ROSCOE.

## THE CHOICE OF BOOKS, and other Literary Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

## THE MEANING OF HISTORY, and other Historical Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

## POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Edited, with Prefatory Memoir, by the late Canon AINGER. In 2 vols. Vol. I. *Serious Poems.* Vol. II. *Poems of Wit and Humour.* With Vignettes and Portraits.

## THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS.

12 vols. *Darwinian.*  
*Methods and Results.*  
*Science and Education.*  
*Science and Hebrew Tradition.*  
*Science and Christian Tradition.*  
*Humour.* With Helps to the Study of Berkeley.  
*Man's Place in Nature, and other Anthropological Essays.*  
*Discourses: Biological and Geological.*  
*Evolution and Ethics, and other Essays.*  
*Life and Letters.* 3 vols.

## FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS. By HENRY JAMES.

## PARTIAL PORTRAITS. By HENRY JAMES.

## MODERN GREECE. Two Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, with Papers on "The Progress of Greece" and "Byron in Greece." By Sir RICHARD C. JEBB, Litt.D., D.C.L., LL.D. Second Edition.

## LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS TO HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS. Edited by Sir SIDNEY COLVIN.

## EPIC AND ROMANCE. By W. P. KER.

## CHARLES KINGSLEY'S NOVELS AND POEMS.

11 vols.  
*Westward Ho!* 2 vols. *Yeast.* 1 vol.  
*Alton Locke.* 2 vols. *Hypatia.* 2 vols.  
*Two Years Ago.* 2 vols. *Poems.* 2 vols.

## CHARLES LAMB'S COLLECTED WORKS. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by the late Rev. Canon AINGER, M.A. 6 vols.

*The Essays of Elia.*  
*Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays.*  
*Mrs. Leicester's School, and other writings.*  
*Tales from Shakespeare.* By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.  
*The Letters of Charles Lamb.* Newly arranged, with additions 1904. 2 vols.

## LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB. By the late Canon AINGER, M.A.

## HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By the late J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.

## THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. Edited with Memoir, Introduction, and Notes, by DAVID MASSON, M.A., LL.D. 3 vols.

## JOHN MORLEY'S COLLECTED WORKS. 14 vols.

*Voltaire.* 1 vol. *Rousseau.* 2 vols.  
*Diderot and the Encyclopedists.* *Miscellaneous.* 3 vols.  
*On Compromise.* 1 vol. *Studies in Literature.* 1 vol.  
*Burke.* 1 vol. *The Life of Richard Cobden.*  
*Oliver Cromwell.* 1 vol. 2 vols.

## SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE, and other Essays. By F. W. H. MYERS, M.A.

## CLASSICAL ESSAYS. By F. W. H. MYERS.

## MODERN ESSAYS. By F. W. H. MYERS.

## RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN, AND BROWNING. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

## WORKS BY SIR JOHN R. SEELEY, Litt.D. 5 vols.

*The Expansion of England.* Two courses of Lectures.  
*Lectures and Essays.* *Natural Religion.*  
*Eccle Homo.* Introduction to Political Science. Two Series of Lectures.

## THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. With short Intro- duction and Footnotes by Prof. C. H. HERFORD. In 10 vols.

\*.\* The Plays may also be had in separate volumes, cloth, 1s. each; roan, gilt  
 tops, 2s. each.

## SHAKESPEARE. By Sir WALTER RALEIGH. Globe 8vo. 4s. net.

## WORKS BY JAMES SMETHAM. 2 vols.

*Letters.* With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM  
 and WILLIAM DAVIES. With a Portrait.  
*Literary Works.* Edited by WILLIAM DAVIES.

## THE WORKS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Annotated by the Author. Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON.  
 9 vols. (Sold separately.) Vol. II. *Poems.*  
 Vol. I. *Poems.*  
 Vol. III. *Emoth Arden: In Memoriam.*  
 Vol. IV. *The Princess: Mand.*  
 Vol. V. *Idylls of the King.*  
 Vol. VI. *Ballads and other Poems.*  
 Vol. VII. *Demeter and other Poems.*  
 Vol. VIII. *Queen Mary and Harold.*  
 Vol. IX. *Becket and other Plays.*

## SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOREAU.

## ESSAYS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN THE WEST. By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham.

## THE WORKS OF WORDSWORTH. Edited by Prof. KNIGHT. In 10 vols. Each volume contains a Portrait and Vignette etched by H. MANESSE. *Poetical Works.* 8 vols. *Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth.* 2 vols.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.